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TO RESTORE SLAIN BIRD RACES

Reservations That Were Granted to the Audubon Society May Save the Nation's Water-Fowl.

To insure perpetual home refuges to my millions of the dying races of erica's water fowl, two of the rest bird reservations in the world e today been turned over by the ernment to the care of the National ociation of Audubon Societies in York. Almost three hundred re miles of the most thickly popud haunts of water birds on this tinent are included in these two ts in Oregon and California about Klamath, Malheur and Harney e. Where an army of the world's me and market hunters have pracly exterminated the white heron, es, terns, ducks, geese and pelis of this once prolific region at ts of thousands to dollars a week, Audubon officials have declared could restore whole races of the ghtered wild fowl, if the people of country would rally behind them his late chance for some restitu- of the nation's winged resources. or three years, at frequent inter- two daring explorers of the Au- on association have been braving dangers of nature and the wild cher bands in this remote region, ecure the information upon which President has quickly acted. Push- about by automobile, canvas canoe aft, Finlay and Bohlman, both rt ornithologists, have eagerly ht to master the secrets of these haunts of the birds and their hers; and their reports have inced the authorities that their has been accomplished not a min- too soon. Where a few years ago commercial hunters admit making 00 in one summer by the slaugh- of the aigret-bearing heron, cely a single specimen of this utiful bird could be found after ths of search. The silvery-breast- grebe still survives throughout important breeding grounds, gh its slayers confess to single ments of its tiny skins worth $30,-

om the Klamath region alone dreds of tons of butchered ducks been shipped to market in recent , the Audubon officials assert. hundred and twenty tons of their carcases having been removed from this breeding ground in the season of 1905. Slaughtering a hundred and fifty ducks a day each member of the gangs that infest the region have sent a constant procession of wagon-loads of their prey away for many years. In spite of this ceaseless carnage, however, it has been found that ducks, geese, terns, cormorant grebes, pelicans, great blue heron and gulls still frequent these, their natural homes, in the breeding season, and still greater hosts during the vernal and fall migrating periods.

To retake for the birds their ancestral homing grounds from the desperate force of poachers that still infests the region and threatens violence to all bird guards, a force of hardy wardens and a little fleet of stout boats must be at once sent to the front by the Audubon workers. Every inch of the fastnesses over which the wild fowl have trustfully strewn their eggs must be carefully guarded at all times, in wind and weather. Though every resource of the association is taxed today to maintain the score of similar reservations upon which the work of restoring the country's water fowl is being pushed, its officers declare that they did not despair of rising to this greatest opportunity of all which has just been opened to them.

"Pestilence and plague are staring the whole country in the face with the alarming decrease of nature's scavengers, the water fowl, while market butchery threatens to put an end to all game," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, at its headquarters, 141 Broadway. "At last our explorations and the prompt action of the President have given us a chance to restore the most important source of this bird life in the country. I believe that every American who has an ounce of patriotic pride will rally to help us hold these vast tracts of homes for our birds, as soon as he learns of the opportunity. If the people do not rise to support us now at this critical juncture, I fear we may be obliged to let slip a golden and final opportunity to restore its water fowl to the country."

GHOST LACKS HEAD AND ARMS

allville Dispatch to Indianapolis ws.

HE Helmer neighborhood, eight miles northeast of Kendallville, is wrought up by the appear- of a tall, headless and armless t, robed in flowing white gar- in an old house known as the b Bickel homestead, long since doned. For three nights in suc- on the ghost has been seen, the time on Saturday evening when ty of boys were playing about the nises, the next time on Sunday, again Monday night.

he first evening the eight-year-old of Henry Buckbarger was so bad- frightened that he fainted three s before his comrades succeeded arrying him home. One of the r boys is a son of Joseph Weirick, the others were three sons of a Presskey, all well-known citi- The second night Ward Miller Earl Dietz, two well-known young of the neighborhood, who had d the story of the boys, went to place, and they in turn saw the apparition, and were so badly frightened that Dietz did not stop until he had reached his home, a mile distant.

On the third night a posse of citizens of the Helmer neighborhood, probably fifty strong, headed by William Klinesmith, went to the haunted house to solve the mystery of the strange apparition, and, although they were armed, the appearance of the ghost struck terror to their hearts, and they fled. Klinesmith was the only one of the party who entered the house, but he, too, failed to remain long enough to complete his investigation after the ghost appeared.

The incident has aroused widespread interest, and ghost parties are being formed by a number of local people who propose to visit the house one night this week and brave the ordeal of meeting the ghost. So far, no reason can be assigned for the appearance of the mysterious apparition, as no unusual history is connected with the place, other than that the house has been abandoned for many years, and has frequently been a shelter for tramps and vagabonds.

GAL WORD SPECIALISTS

e to Know Exact Shade of Meaning in Phrases.

York Press.

ome people seem to think that an rtant legal document can be n up by a lawyer in the time it his client to smoke a cigar" re- d a gray-haired law clerk the day. "It takes time and the scrupulous care to get things right. If lawyers were not care- the Lord only knows where the s would land.

hy, I know a man in one of the law offices who is a specialist e exact shade of meaning of each or phrase used in a legal docu- Nothing goes out of that office out being submitted first to him s upon. Sometimes he will give k to the study of but one short, very important paper, theorizing the possibilities of its meaning construed this way and that. n he gets through with a docu- however, and has submitted word of it to the acid test, there ractically no chance of its not be- exactly right, as to its verbiage ast. In some cases, too, it is ed desirable by clients to becloud meaning of a contract so that is a loophole for its being con- d in another way in the event of n contingencies occurring. That here the services of an expert juggler are indispensable.

he biggest case that I ever heard this line was a few months ago, one of the great corporations d to issue some mortgage bonds st its property. A long contract to be drawn and the wording on back of the bond had to be de- upon. The matter was so im- nt that, after the attorneys them- s had decided on the forms to be it was turned over to two of experts in verbiage.

hey looked up the dictionary ning of practically every word in the two documents and made merable changes and suggestions. re the papers were finished 30 ent drafts of each of the two ments had been made, and there not a word used in the final form e papers that had not been con- ed carefully, not only as to its qual meaning, but also as to its qual relation to the other words e phrase or sentence containing t is safe to say that these two ments are never likely to be as- successfully in a court of law, that they mean exactly what the eation and its counsel wished to mean."

An Oklahoma Curiosity.

Press.

klahoma has made a reputation of to extremes in whatever it under- ever since its admission as a state. presents a citizen who for weight breadth probably has no equal in ountry. At a little town called there is a living curiosity in the of Seekousito, an American Cad- an, who is wider than he is long. easures 7 feet 4 inches around the and is less than 6 feet tall. He is rs of age and weighs 696 pounds. easity he is conceded to be a world and is considering an offer to the world.

The Lowly Hen.

I'm for the hen, the lowly hen;
She lays an egg today and then
Tomorrow goes about her biz
And where her nest of rubbish is
Lays us another. Cluck on cluck,
Day after day with endless pluck;
Happy if in solitude
She may at last hatch out a brood
Of fluffy chicks with yellow legs,
To become hens and lay more eggs.

She knows no holidays at all,
Nor Sundays. At the clarion call
Of Mr. Rooster, with a lurch,
She lunges down from off her perch,
And, once upon a footing firm,
She goes to hunt the early worm.
She takes a worm, a piece of grit,
A bug, and makes an egg of it
That will pass muster until met
In scramble, fry or omelet.

And does she rest with one egg laid,
And lounge around beneath the shade
Of some tall tree? Not much! not she!
She scorns the shade of fence and tree,
And across shaded bits and sun
She keeps the bug world on the run,
And scratches with her toil-worn feet
Barnyard and garden, lane and street,
And with her bill doth search and poke
The stuff for albumen and yolk.

Egg after egg, day after day,
In unobtrusive, cheerful way,
And, when her laying life is done,
She lounges not in shade or sun,
But with a rush that rest doth mock
She lays her head upon the block,
And, the piece de resistance of
Some boarding house feast, shows her love
For humankind in death. Brave hen!
Example for roosters and men!

—Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Collier's.

A NET OF GENIUSES.

A certain Family was pointed to with Pride in the small town in which they lived because the Children were so Talented. Of the six Girls five were from the Cradle dedicated to High Art and Careers. The simple hearted parents looked at each other and whispered "Behold, this is a nest of Genius." Accordingly they began to deny themselves in order that the Children might have the best Opportunities.

The one Shadow on the wall was the sixth Girl and her Plebeian tastes. She developed no Gifts and she was Graceless enough to say she was glad of it. While her High browed sisters were trying to solve by Geometry and Color schemes, fugues and symphonies the Nothingness of the Ain't or the Whichness of the What, she pursued the even tenor of her way, and the only literature she ever dipped into was a Cook book.

Reverses came to the family. The Father and Mother denied themselves still more that the Talented ones might keep on studying to fit themselves to Work.

The girl who could make Pies was secretly busy. She didn't Dare add to the Family woes by disclosing what she had Done. But the first Batch of pies she put on the Market sold so she kept on and on. Finally she sprang her Mine and told them she was going to open a Pie shop. Naturally they felt she would be dragging a good name in the Commercial mire to do so. But, in the course of time when she paid the several mortgages off in addition to sending money for the geniuses to keep on with their Artistic courses, they were reconciled. She kept this up for years. The girl who was going to be a Great Musician felt that she might accomplish something if she could take a few lessons from Herr-So-and-So in Germany; she was sent abroad by her untalented sister. The artist always was just about to get Some thing big accepted, and the Literary One was equally hopeful of her prospects. Nothing, however, ever Eventuated.

The Pie shop has grown to be a big Bakery. It is one instance of the really kind heart of the founder that during all the years she bore the Snubs of her Talented sisters she never once handed them out her convictions—that work is the only craftsmanship that counts. She felt that maybe some of the girls would have amounted to something if they hadn't made sponges of their brains trying to absorb what others had created instead of Doing something themselves. She had a feeling that maybe she might be mistaken; anyway she wouldn't have hurt their Feelings.

In her will, which was probated last week, she provided for all her Relatives, stipulating how much the several geniuses should get a month. She left a million dollars to endow a Home for those who were born Geniuses. She also specified that the sum of One thousand dollars should be paid to every Girl in her Home town who demonstrated that she could do One thing—no matter how menial it might be—superlatively well.

This simple story teaches we never Can Tell.

ARE BABIES MORAL?

"We do not expect paternal feelings in a child of five," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in October Woman's Home Companion. "Why, then, should we expect any other of those race-regarding impulses which we term 'morality?' Even to appeal to the 'better feelings' of a child of eight or ten is often almost as irrational as the celebrated apostrophe of the emotional Irish barrister, who in the fine frenzy of his peroration whirled upon the judge with the thrilling appeal, 'Sirr, was you iver a mother?' To appeal to a child's better nature, while excellent, in moderation, often does little more than make a hypocrite out of him before his time.

"He has got your hair, and his mother's eyes and voice, and some of your little tricks of manner—and temper—now, and he is just as safe to develop your superb self-control and civic devotion and consideration for others if you will only give him time—and set him a good example. Meanwhile, preaching to him that he should possess these qualities will expedite matters precious little, and unless backed up by example, not at all. Remember that life and growth of all sorts are but a response to environment, and new responses can only occur as opportunity is afforded for them."

The Weak Point.

Thomas A. Edison in New York American.

The weak point of the present aeroplane, around which the Wright inventors will never be able to get, is that the operation of the machine lies wholly in the wonderful brain of its operator. Every movement made by the Wrights in maneuvering their machine must be done in perfect harmony with the working of the planes. One fractional mismovement would mean destruction to the machine, and operator, too.

WHY LEAVE OUT PENNSYLVANIA?

Harper's Weekly.

Chairman Mack, of the Democratic national committee, announced last week, not as chairman, but "frankly," and "because all elements of doubt are being rapidly swept away," that he feels "absolutely confident of the election of Bryan and Kern." He feels so "because Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and New York will undoubtedly go Democratic this year." If that is so, Mr. Mack is building his hopes on a handsome and substantial foundation. But what has Pennsylvania done or failed to do that he should not count it in with the others he has named? It has almost as many electoral votes as New York, and is just as easily counted in as Ohio. Is it to save Col. Guffey's feelings that Mr. Mack omits it?

SOME DYNAMITE STORIES

The other day a government wagon drove onto one of the downtown piers. On one side of the wagon was an old sign, almost obliterated, that spelled "Danger." The wagon was laden with melanite, the new explosive used by the government, whose energy is ten times greater than dynamite. The man in charge of the load has been handling high explosives for 38 years and his name is Robert McCausland. He is the expert at Iona island, where they make smokeless powder and where the government also maintains a warehouse and a laboratory for experiments.

Thirty-three years ago McCausland was assistant to General Van Bocklin, the working engineer of the Sutro tunnel on the Comstock. At that time the only explosive used or known except powder was nitro-glycerine, very imperfectly made and liable to go off in a thunderstorm. There wasn't much use for the stuff in those days—Nevada mines used some and they blew the hole through the Hoosac mountain at North Adams, Mass., but engineers were shy of it.

"Well," said McCausland, who related these facts, "the chief brought some up from Reno, where a chemist had been experimenting with guncotton and sulphuric acid out in the alakli desert. He carried it up himself in a valise to Virginia City, holding it on his knees. He sent for me and told me what he intended to do, tamp the face of the rock in a score of holes, load them with the stuff and set it all off with a ten-minute fuse. Then we shall see what happens,' he said. 'That fellow says that this stuff blows down instead of up; in other words, the explosive force seeks the road of greatest resistance. It will be an interesting experiment.' I suggested to the general that I carry the stuff off to the powder house, a cave in the side of the mountain. No, he wouldn't have it out of his sight. I was to get the holes made next day and let him know. He would keep the stuff right under his bed in the hotel. Well, that night there was an awful noise and I jumped up and ran to the hotel. There wasn't a stick of it left. Half the windows in Virginia City were broken. We never identified the general. That's the only accident I ever had anything to do with in any form of high explosive, and I have handled tons of it. The method of packing, as well as the manufacture, makes it safe now.

"The stuff in that wagon is to recharge the mines in New York bay, and also to be kept in magazines for emergency, but as a matter of fact it is as harmless as a kitten if it us used right. Why, Whitehead, the Irish dynamiter, who was sentenced to life in England for blowing up public buildings, made some twenty gallons or liquid nitro and put it in the legs of rubber boots, the kind that come up to the waist. He put these boots in a trunk, called a cab, and drove to the station in Birmingham, shot the trunk down a slide to the railway level, picked it up in London, drove with it to a lodging house and carried it up two flights of stairs and left it unguarded. The government came in about that time and arrested him, and they padded the streets through which they carried the stuff to Woolwich for destruction. They were frightened, foolishly frightened, about it, and there was no necessity, because Whitehead couldn't make an ounce of nitro-glycerine except by accident, to save his life.

"There is made in this country thousands of tons of high explosive. The Panama Canal company is using incredible quantities. They lift the whole excavation with it and make it easy for the shovels. It is used in coal mines, in all tunnel work through rock, to dig cellars, for railway cuttings and very few accidents happen." At this point the government tug drew up at the wharf and McCausland drove onto the dock and started away to Fort Hancock at Sanday Hook.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER VI.

A sky like flame, and an atmosphere of sulphur. No breath of air, not a single ruffle in the great drooping leaves of the African trees and dense, prickly shrubs. All around the dank, nauseous odor of poison flowers, the ceaseless dripping of poisonous moisture. From the face of the man who stood erect, unvanquished as yet in the struggle for life, the fierce sweat poured like rain—his older companion had sunk to the ground and the spasms of an ugly death were twitching at his whitening lips.

"I'm done, Trent," he gasped faintly. "Fight your way on alone. You've a chance yet. The way's getting a bit easier—I fancy we're on the right track and we've given those black devils the slip! Nurse your strength! You've a chance! Let me be. It's no use carrying a dead man."

Gaunt and wild, with the cold fear of death before him also, the younger man broke out into a fit of cursing.

"May they rot in the blackest corner of hell, Oom Sam and those miserable vermin!" he shouted. "A path all the way, the fever season over, the swamps dry! Oh! when I think of Sam's smooth jargon I would give my chance of life, such as it is, to have him here for one moment. To think that that beast must live and we die!"

"Prop me up against this tree, Trent—and listen," Monty whispered. "Don't fritter away the little strength you have left."

Trent did as he was told. He had no particular affection for his partner and the prospect of his death scarcely troubled him. Yet for twenty miles and more, through fetid swamps and poisonous jungles, he had carried him over his shoulder, fighting fiercely for the lives of both of them, while there remained any chance whatever of escape. Now he knew that it was in vain, he regretted only his wasted effort—he had no sentimental regrets in leaving him. It was his own life he wanted—his own life he meant to fight for.

"I wouldn't swear at Oom Sam too hard," Monty continued. "Remember for the last two days he was doing all he could to get us out of the place. It was those fetish fellows who worked the mischief and he—certainly—warned us all he could. He took us safely to Bekwando and he worked the oracle with the king!"

"Yes, and afterwards sneaked off with Francis," Trent broke in bitterly, "and took every bearer with him—after we'd paid them for the return journey, too. Sent us out here to be trapped and butchered like rats. If we'd only had a guide we should have been at Buckomari by now."

"He was right about the gold," Monty faltered. "It's there for the picking up. If only we could have got back we were rich for life. If you escape—you need never do another stroke of work as long as you live."

Trent stood upright, wiped the dank sweat from his forehead and gazed around him fiercely, and upwards at that lurid little patch of blue sky.

"If I escape!" he muttered. "I'll get out of this if I die walking. I'm sorry you're done, Monty," he continued slowly. "Say the word and I'll have one more spell at carrying you! You're not a heavy weight and I'm rested now!"

But Monty, in whose veins was the chill of death and who sought only for rest, shook his head.

"It shakes me too much," he said, "and it's only a waste of strength. You get on, Trent, and don't you bother about me. You've done your duty by your partner and a bit more. You might leave me the small revolver in case those howling savages come up—and Trent!"

"Yes!"

"The picture—just for a moment. I'd like to have one look at her!"

Trent drew it out from his pocket—awkwardly—and with a little shame at the care which had prompted him to wrap it so tenderly in the oilskin sheet. Monty shaded his face with his hands, and the picture stole up to his lips. Trent stood a little apart and hated himself for this last piece of inhumanity. He pretended to be listening for the stealthy approach of their enemies. In reality he was struggling with the feeling which prompted him to leave this picture with the dying man.

"I suppose you'd best have it," he said sullenly at last.

But Monty shook his head feebly and held out the picture.

Trent took it with an odd sense of shame which puzzled him. He was not often subject to anything of the sort.

"It belongs to you, Trent. I lost it on the square, and it's the only social law I've never broken—to pay my gambling debts. There's one word more!"

"Yes."

"It's about that clause in our agreement. I never thought it was quite fair, you know, Trent!"

"Which clause?"

"The clause which—at my death—makes you sole owner of the whole concession. You see—the odds were scarcely even, were they? It wasn't likely anything would happen to you?"

"I planned the thing," Trent said, "and I saw it through! You did nothing but find a bit of brass. It was only square that the odds should be in my favor. Besides, you agreed. You signed the thing."

"But I wasn't quite well at the time," Monty faltered. "I didn't quite understand. No, Trent, it's not quite fair. I did a bit of the work at least, and I'm paying for it with my life!"

"What's it matter to you now?" Trent said, with unintentional brutality. "You can't take it with you."

Monty raised himself a little. His eyes, lit with feverish fire, were fastened upon the other man.

"There's my little girl!" he said hoarsely. "I'd like to leave her something. If the thing turns out big, Trent, you can spare a small share. There's a letter here! It's to my lawyers. They'll tell you all about her."

Trent held out his hands for the letter.

"All right," he said, with sullen ungraciousness. "I'll promise something. I won't say how much! We'll see."

"Trent, you'll keep your word," Monty begged. "I'd like her to know that I thought of her."

"Oh, very well," Trent declared, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "It's a bit outside our agreement, you know, but I'll see to it, anyhow. Anything else?"

Monty fell back speechless. There was a sudden change in his face. Trent, who had seen men die before, let go his hand and turned away without any visible emotion. Then he drew himself straight, and set his teeth hard together.

"I'm going to get out of this," he said to himself slowly and with fierce emphasis. "I'm not for dying and I won't die!"

He stumbled on a few steps, a little black snake crept out of its bed of mud, and looked at him with yellow eyes protruding from its upraised head. He kicked it savagely away—a crumpled, shapeless mass. It was a piece of brutality typical of the man. Ahead he fancied that the air was clearer—the fetid mists less choking—in the deep night-silence a few hours back he had fancied that he had heard ffthe faint thunder of the sea. If this were indeed so, it would be but a short distance now to the end of his journey. With dull, glazed eyes and clenched hands, he reeled on. A sort of stupor had laid hold of him, but through it all his brain was working, and he kept steadily to a fixed course. Was it the sea in his ears, he wondered, that long, monotonous rolling of sound, and there were lights before his eyes—the lights of Buckomari, or the lights of death! . . .

They found him an hour or two later unconscious, but alive, on the outskirts of the village.

* * * * * *

Three days later two men were seated face to face in a long wooden house, the largest and most important in Buckomari village.

Smoking a corncob pipe and showing in his face but few marks of the terrible days through which he had passed was Scarlett Trent—opposite to him was Hiram Da Souza, the capitalist of the region. The Jew—of Da Souza's nationality it was impossible to have any doubt—was coarse and large of his type, he wore soiled linen clothes and was smoking a black cigar. On the little finger of each hand, thickly encrusted with dirt, was a diamond ring, on his thick, protruding lips a complacent smile. The concession, already soiled and dog-eared, was spread out before them.

It was Da Souza who did most of the talking. Trent, indeed, had the appearance of a man only indirectly interested in the proceedings.

"You see, my dear sir," Da Souza was saying, "this little concession of yours is, after all, a very risky business. These niggers have absolutely no sense of honor. Do I not know it—alas—to my cost?"

Trent listened in contemptuous silence. Da Souza had made a fortune trading fiery rum on the Congo and had probably done more to debauch the niggers he spoke of so bitterly than any man in Africa.

"The Bekwando people have a bad name—very bad name. As for any sense of commercial honor—my dear Trent, one might as well expect diamonds to spring up like mushrooms under our feet."

"The document," Trent said, "is signed by the King and witnessed by Captain Francis, who is Agent-General out here, or something of the sort, for the English government. It was no gift and don't you think it, but a piece of hard bartering. Forty bearers carried our presents to Bekwando and it took us three months to get through. There is enough in it to make us both millionaires."

"Then why," Da Souza asked, looking up with twinkling eyes, "do you want to sell me a share in it?"

"Because I haven't a darned cent to bless myself with," Trent answered curtly. "I've got to have ready money. I've never had my fist on five thousand pounds before—no, nor five thousand pence, but, as I'm a living man, let me have my start and I'll hold my own with you all."

Da Souza threw himself back in his chair with uplifted hands.

"But, my dear friend," he cried, "my dear young friend, you were not thinking—do not say that you were thinking of asking such a sum as five thousand pounds for this little piece of paper!"

The amazement, half sorrowful, half reproachful, on the man's face was perfectly done. But Trent only snorted.

"That piece of paper, as you call it, cost us the hard savings of years, it cost us weeks and months in the bush and amongst the swamps—it cost a man's life, not to mention the niggers we lost. Come, I'm not here to play skittles. Are you on for a deal or not? If you're doubtful about it I've another market. Say the word and we'll drink and part, but if you want to do business, here are my terms. Five thousand for a sixth share!"

"Sixth share," the Jew screamed, "sixth share?"

Trent nodded.

"The thing's worth a million at least," he said. "A sixth share is a great fortune. Don't waste any time turning up the whites of your eyes at me. I've named my terms and I shan't budge from them. You can lay your bottom dollar on that."

Da Souza took up the document and glanced it through once more.

"The concession," he remarked, "is granted to Scarlett Trent and to one Monty jointly. Who is this Monty, and what has he to say to it?"

Trent set his teeth hard, and he never blenched.

"He was my partner, but he died in the swamps, poor chap. We had horrible weather coming back. It pretty near finished me."

Trent did not mention the fact that for four days and nights they were hiding in holes and up trees from the natives whom the king of Bekwando had sent after them, that their bearers had fled away, and that they had been compelled to leave the track and make their way through an unknown part of the bush.

"But your partner's share," the Jew asked. "What of that?"

"It belongs to me," Trent answered shortly. "We fixed it so before we started. We neither of us took much stock in our relations. If I had died, Monty would have taken the lot. It was a fair deal. You'll find it there!"

The Jew nodded.

"And your partner?" he said. "You saw him die! There is no doubt about that?"

Trent nodded.

"He is as dead," he said, "as Julius Caesar."

"If I offered you——" Da Souza began.

"If you offered me four thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds," Trent interrupted roughly, "I would tell you to go to glory."

Da Souza sighed. It was a hard man to deal with—this.

"Very well," he said, "if I give way, if I agree to your terms, you will be willing to make over a sixth share to me, both on your own account and on account of your late partner?"

"You're right, mate," Trent assented. "Plank down the brass, and it's a deal."

"I will give you four thousand pounds for a quarter share," Da Sousa said.

Trent knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up.

"Here, don't waste any more of my time," he said. "Stand out of the way, I'm off."

Da Souza kept his hands upon the concession.

"My dear friend," he said, "you are so violent. You are so abrupt. Now listen. I will give you five thousand for a quarter share. It is half my fortune."

"Give me the concession," Trent said. "I'm off."

"For a fifth," Da Souza cried.

Trent moved to the door without speech. Da Souza groaned.

"You will ruin me," he said, "I know it. Come then, five thousand for a sixth share. It is throwing money away."

"If you think so, you'd better not part," Trent said, still lingering in the doorway. "Just as you say. I don't care."

For a full minute Da Souza hesitated. He had an immense belief in the richness of the country set out in the concession; he knew probably more about it than Trent himself. But five thousand pounds was a great deal of money and there was always the chance that the government might not back the concession holders in case of trouble. He hesitated so long that Trent was actually disappearing before he had made up his mind.

"Come back, Mr. Trent," he called out. "I have decided. I accept. I join with you."

Trent slowly returned. His manner showed no exultation.

"You have the money here?" he asked.

Da Souza laid down a heap of notes and gold upon the table. Trent counted them carefully and thrust them into his pockets. Then he took up a pen and wrote his name at the foot of the assignment which the Jew had prepared.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

Da Souza shook his head.

"The less we drink in this country," he said, "the better. I guess out here, spirits come next to poison. I'll smoke with you, if you have a cigar handy."

Trent drew a handful of cigars from his pocket.

"They're beastly," he said, "but it's a beastly country. I'll be glad to turn my back on it."

"There is a good deal," Da Souza said, "which we must now talk about."

"Tomorrow," Trent said curtly. "No more now! I haven't got over my miserable journey yet. I'm going to try to get some sleep."

He swung out into the heavy darkness. The air was thick with unwholesome odors rising from the lake-like swamp beyond the drooping circle of trees. He walked a little way towards the sea, and sat down upon a log. A faint land-breeze was blowing, a melancholy soughing came from the edge of the forest only a few hundred yards back, sullen, black, impenetrable. He turned his face inland unwillingly, with a superstitious little thrill of fear. Was it a coyote calling, or had he indeed heard the moan of a dying man, somewhere back amongst that dark, gloomy jungle? He scoffed at himself! Was he becoming as a girl, weak and timid? Yet a moment later he closed his eyes, and pressed ifis hands tightly over his hot eyeballs. He was a man of little imaginative force, yet the white face of a dying man seemed suddenly to have floated up out of the darkness, to have come to him like a will-o'-the-wisp from the swamp, and the hollow, lifeless eyes seemed ever to be seeking his, mournful and eloquent with dull reproach. Trent rose to his feet with an oath and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He was trembling, and he cursed himself heartily.

"Another fool's hour like this," he muttered, "and the fever will have me. Come out of the shadows, you white-faced, skulking reptile, you—bah! what a blithering fool I am! There is no one there! How could there be any one?"

He listened intently. From afar off came the faint moaning of the wind in the forest and the night sounds of restless animals. Nearer there was no one—nothing stirred. He laughed out loud and moved away to spend his last night in his little wooden home. On the threshold he paused, and faced once more that black, mysterious line of forest.

"Well, I've done with you now," he cried, a note of coarse exultation in his tone. "I've gambled for my life and I've won. Tomorrow I'll begin to spend the stakes."

CHAPTER VII.

In a handsomely appointed room of one of the largest hotels in London a man was sitting at the head of ta table strewn with blotting-paper and writing materials of every description. Half a dozen chairs had been carelessly pushed back, there were plenty champagne bottles upon the sideboard, the air was faintly odorous of tobacco smoke—blue wreaths were still curling upwards towards the frescoed ceiling. Yet the gathering had not altogether been a festive one. There were sheets of paper still lying about covered with figures, a brass-bound ledger lay open at the further end of the table. In the background a young man, slim, pale, ill-dressed in sober black, was filling a large tin box with documents and letters.

It had been a meeting of giants. Men whose names were great in the world of finance had occupied those elaborately decorated leather chairs. There had been cynicism, criticism, and finally enthusiasm. For the man who remained it had been a triumph. He had appeared to do but little in the way of persuasion. His manners had been brusque, and his words had been few. Yet he remained the master of the situation. He had gained a victory not only financial but moral, over men whose experience and knowledge were far greater than his. He was no city magnate, nor had he ever received any training in those arts and practices which go to the making of one. For his earlier life had been spent in a wilder country where the gambling was for life and not merely for gold. It was Scarlett Trent who sat there in thoughtful and absorbed silence. He was leaning a little back in a comfortably upholstered chair, with his eyes fixed on a certain empty spot upon the table. The few inches of polished mahogany seemed to him—empty of all significance in themselves—to be reflecting, in some mysterious manner, certain scenes in his life which were now very rarely brought back to him. The event of today he knew to be the culmination of a success as rapid as it had been surprising. He was a millionaire. This deal today, in which he had held his own against the shrewdest and most astute men of the great city, had more than doubled his already large fortune. A few years ago he had landed in England friendless and unknown, today he had stepped out from even amongst the chosen few and had planted his feet in the higher lands whither the faces of all men are turned. With a grim smile upon his lips, he recalled one by one the various enterprises into which he had entered, the courage with which he had forced them through, the solid strength which he had thrust weaker men to the wall, and had risen a little higher towards his goal upon the wreck of their fortunes. Where other men had failed he had succeeded. Today the triumph was his alone. He was a millionaire—one of the princes of the world!

The young man, who had filled his box and also a black bag, was ready to go. He ventured most respectfully to break in upon the reflections of his employer.

"Is there anything more for me to do, sir?"

Trent woke from his day-dream into the present. He looked around the room and saw that no papers had been omitted. Then he glanced keenly into his clerk's face.

"Nothing more," he sair. "You can go."

It was significant of the man that, notwithstanding his hour of triumph, he did not depart in the slightest degree from the cold gruffness of his tone. The little speech which his clerk had prepared seemed to stick in his throat.

"I trust, sir, that you will forgive—that you will pardon the liberty, if I presume to congratulate you upon such a magnificent stroke of business!"

Scartlett Trent faced him coldly. "What do you know about it?" he asked. "What concern is it of yours, young man, eh?"

The clerk sighed, and became a little confused. He had indulged in some wistful hopes that for once his master might have relaxed, that an opportune word of congratulation might awaken some spark of generosity n the man who had just added a fortune to his great store. He had a girl-wife from whose cheeks the roses were slowly fading, and very soon would come a time when a bank-note, even the smallest would be a priceless gift. It was for her sake he had spoken. He saw now that he had made a mistake.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said humbly. "Of course I know that these men have paid an immense sum for their shares in the Bekwando Syndicate. At the same time it is not my business, and I am sorry that I spoke."

"It is not your business at any time to remember what I receive for properties," Scarlett Trent said roughly. "Haven't I told you that before? What did I say when you came to me? You were to hear nothing and see nothing outside your duties! Speak up, man! Don't stand there like a jay!"

The clerk was pale, and there was an odd sensation in his throat. But he thought of his girl-wife and he pulled himself together.

"You are quite right, sir," he said. "To any one else I should never have mentioned it. But we were alone, and I thought the circumstances might make it excusable."

His employer grunted in an ominous manner.

"When I say forget, I mean forget," he declared. "I don't want to be reminded by you of my own business. D'ye think I don't know it?"

"I am very sure that you do, sir," the clerk answered humbly. "I quite see that my allusion was an error."

Scarlett Trent had turned round in his chair, and was eyeing the pale, nervous figure with a certain hard disapproval.

"That's a beastly coat you've got on, Dickenson," he said. "Why don't you get a new one?"

"I am standing in a strong light, sir," the young man answered, with a new fear at his heart. "It wants brushing, too. I will endeavor to get a new one—very shortly."

His employer grunted again.

"What's your salary?" he asked.

"Two pounds fifteen shillings a week, sir."

"And you mean to say that you can't dress respectably on that? What do you do with your money, eh? How do you spend it? Drink and music halls, I suppose!"

The young man was able at last to find some spark of dignity. A pink spot burned upon his cheeks.

"I do not attend music halls, sir, nor have I touched wine or spirits for years. I—I have a wife to keep, and perhaps—I am expecting——"

He stopped abruptly. How could he mention that other matter which, for all its anxieties, still possessed for him a sort of quickening joy in the face of that brutal stare. He did not conclude his sentence, the momentary light died out of his pale commonplace features. He hung his head and was silent.

"A wife," Scarlett Trent repeated with contempt, "and all the rest of it of course. Oh, what poor donkeys you young men are! Here are you, with your way to make in the world, with your foot scarcely upon the bottom rung of the ladder, grubbing along on a few bobs a week, and you choose to go and chuck away every chance you ever might have for a moment's folly. A poor, pretty face, I suppose. A moonlight walk on a Bank holiday, a little maudlin sentiment, and over you throw all your chances in life. No wonder the herd is so great, and the leaders so few," he added, with a sneer.

The young man raised his head. Once more the pink spot was burning. Yet how hard to be dignified with the man from whom comes one's daily bread.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said. "I am quite happy and quite satisfied."

Scarlett Trent laughed scornfully.

"Then you don't look it," he exclaimed.

"I may not, sir," the young man continued, with a desperate courage, "but I am. After all happiness is spelt with different letters for all of us. You have denied yourself—worked hard, carried many burdens and run great risk to become a millionaire. I, too, have denied myself, have worked and struggled to make a home for the girl I cared for. You have succeeded and you are happy. I can hold Edith's—I beg your pardon, my wife's hand in mine and I am happy. I have no ambition to be a millionaire. I was very ambitious to win my wife."

Scarlett Trent looked at him for a moment open-mouthed and open-eyed. Then he laughed outright and a chill load fell from the heart of the man who for a moment had forgotten himself. The laugh was scornful, perhaps, but it was not angry.

"Well, you've shut me up," he declared. "You seem a poor sort of a creature to me, but if you're content, it's no business of mine. Here buy yourself an overcoat, and drink a glass of wine. I'm off!"

He rose from his seat and threw a bank note over the table. The clerk opened it and handed it back with a little start.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," he said humbly, "but you have a made a mistake. This note is for fifty pounds."

Trent glanced at it and held out his hand. Then he paused.

"Never mind," he said, with a short laugh. "I meant to give you a fiver, but it don't make much odds. Only see that you buy some new clothes."

The clerk half closed his eyes and steadied himself by grasping the back of a chair. There was a lump in his throat in earnest now.

"You—you mean it, sir?" he gasped. "I—I'm afraid I can't thank you!"

"Don't try, unless you want me to take it back," Trent said, strolling to the sideboard. "Lord, how those city chaps can guzzle! Not a drop of champagne left. Two unopened bottles though! Here, stick 'em in your bag and take 'em to the misses, young man. I paid for the lot, so there's no use leaving any. Now clear out as quick as you can. I'm off!"

"You will allow me, sir—"

Scarlett Trent closed the door with a slam and disappeared. The young man passed him a few moments later as he stood on the steps of the hotel lighting a cigar. He paused again, intent on stammering out some words of thanks. Trent turned his back upon him coldly.

(To Be Continued.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess

By ANTHONY HOPE

CHAPTER XVI.

The Inn Near Pontorson.

The moment I found myself outside the house—and I must confess that, for reasons which I have indicated, it was a relief to me to find myself there—I hastened to old Jean's cottage. The old man was eating his breakfast; his stolidity was unshaken by the events of the night; he manifested nothing beyond a mild satisfaction that the two rascals had justified his opinion of them, and a resigned regret that Pierre had not shared the fate of Lafleur. He told me that his inquiries after Marie Delhasse had been fruitless, and added that he supposed there would be a police inquiry into the attempted robbery and the consequent death of Lafleur; indeed he was of opinion that the duke had gone to Avranches to arrange for it as much as to prosecute his search for Marie. I seized the opportunity to suggest that I should be a material witness, and urged him to give me one of the duke's horses to carry me to Avranches. He grumbled at my request, declaring that I should end by getting him into trouble; but a few francs overcame his scruples, and he provided me with a sturdy animal, which I promised to bring or send back in the course of the day.

Great as my impatience was I was compelled to spend the first hour of my arrival at Avranches under the doctor's hands. He discovered to my satisfaction that the bullet had not lodged in my arm and that my hurt was no more than a flesh wound, which would, if all went well, heal in a few days. He enjoined perfect rest and freedom from worry and excitement. I thanked him, bowed myself out, mounted again, and rode to the hotel, where I left my horse with instructions for its return to its owner. Then, at my best speed, I hastened down the hill again, reached the grounds of the convent, and approached the door. Perfect rest and freedom from excitement were unattainable until I had learned whether Marie Delhasse was still safe within the old white walls which I saw before me; for, though I could not

perceptibly, slowly and unobserved, but at the last with a swift resistless rush, the power of her beauty and of the soul that I had seemed to see in her won upon me, and that moment, when I thought that she had yielded to her enemy and mine, was the flowering and bloom of my love for her.

Where had they gone? Not to the duke's house, or I should have met them as I rode down earlier in the morning. Then where? France was wide, and the world wider: my steps were slow. Where lay the use of the chase? In the middle of the road, when I had gone perhaps a mile, I stopped dead. I was beaten and sick at heart, and I searched for a nook of shade by the wayside, and flung myself on the ground; and the ache of my arm was the least of my pain.

As I lay there, my eye caught sight of a cloud of dust on the road. For a moment I scanned it eagerly, and then fell back with a curse of disappointment. It was caused by a man on a horse—and the man was not the duke. But in an instant I was sitting up again—for as the rider drew nearer, trotting briskly along, his form and air were familiar to me; and when he came opposite to me, I sprang up and ran out to meet him, crying to him:

"Gustave! Gustave!"

It was Gustave de Berensac, my friend. He reined in his horse and greeted me—and he greeted me without surprise, but not without apparent displeasure.

"I thought I should find you here still," said he. "I rode over to seek you. Surely you are not at the duchess'?"

His tone was eloquent of remonstrance.

"I've been staying at the inn."

"At the inn?" he repeated, looking at me curiously. "And is the duchess at home?"

"She's at home now. How come you here?"

"Ah, my friend, and how comes your arm in a sling? Well, you shall have my story first. I expect it will prove shorter. I am staying at Pontorson with a friend who is quartered there."

"But you went to Paris."

Gustave leaned down to me, and spoke in a low impressive tone:

"Gilbert," said he, "I've had a blow. The day after I got to Paris I heard from Lady Cynthia. She's going to be married to a countryman of yours."

Gustave looked very doleful. I murmured condolence, though in truth I cared, just then, not a straw about the matter.

"So," he continued, "I seized the first opportunity for a little change."

There was a pause. Gustave's mournful eye ranged over the landscape. Then he said, in a patient, sorrowful voice:

"You said the duchess was at home?"

"Yes, she's at home now."

"Ah! I ask again, because as I passed the inn on the way between here and Pontorson I saw in the courtyard——"

"Yes, yes, what?" cried I in sudden eagerness.

"What's the matter, man? I saw a carriage with some luggage on it, and it looked like the duke's and—— Hallo! Gilbert, where are you going?"

"I can't wait, I can't wait!" I called, already three or four yards away.

"But I haven't heard how you got your arm——"

"I can't tell you now. I can't wait!"

My lethargy had vanished; I was hot to be on my way again.

"Is the man mad?" he cried; and he put his horse to a quick walk to keep up with me.

I stopped short.

"It would take all day to tell you the story," I said impatiently.

"Still I should like to know——"

"I can't help it. Look here, Gustave, the duchess knows. Go and see her. I must go on now."

Across the puzzled mournful eyes of the rejected lover and bewildered friend I thought I saw a little gleam.

"The duchess?" said he.

"Yes, she's all alone. The duke's not there."

"Where is the duke?" he asked: but, as it struck me, now rather in precaution than in curiosity.

"That's what I'm going to see," said I.

And with hope and resolution born again in my heart I broke into a fair run, and, with a wave of my hand, left Gustave in the middle of the road, staring after me and plainly convinced that I was mad. Perhaps I was not far from that state. Mad or not, in any case after three minutes I thought no more of my good friend Gustave de Berensac, nor of aught else, save the inn outside Pontorson, just where the old road used to turn toward Mont St. Michel. To that goal I pressed on, forgetting my weariness and my pain. For it might be that the carriage would still stand in the yard, and that in the house I should come upon the object of my search.

Half an hour's walk brought me to the inn and there, to my joy, I saw the carriage drawn up under a shed side by side with the innkeeper's market cart. The horses had been taken out; there was no servant in sight. I walked up to the door of the inn and passed through it. And I called for wine.

A big stout man, wearing a blouse, came out to meet me. The inn was a large one, and the inn-keeper was evidently a man of some consideration, although he wore a blouse. But I did not like the look of him, for he had a shifty eye and a bloated face. Without a word he brought me what I had ordered and set it down in a little room facing the stable yard.

"Whose carriage is that under your shed?" I asked, sipping my wine.

"It is the carriage of the Duke of Saint Maclou, sir," he answered readily enough.

"The duke is here, then?"

"Have you business with him, sir?"

"I did but ask you a simple question," said I. "Ah! what's that? Who's that?"

I had been looking out of the window, and my sudden exclamation was caused by this—that the door of a stable which faced me had opened very gently, and but just wide enough to allow a face to appear for an instant and then disappear. And it seemed to me that I knew the face, although the sight of it had been too short to make me sure.

"What did you see, sir?" asked the inn-keeper. (The name on his signboard was Jacques Bontet.)

I turned and faced him full.

"I saw someone look out of the stable," said I.

"Doubtless the stable-boy," he answered; and his manner was so ordinary, unembarrassed, and free from alarm, that I doubted whether my eyes had not played me a trick, or my imagination played one upon my eyes.

Be that as it might, I had no time to press my host further at that moment; for I heard a step behind me and a voice I knew, saying:

"Bontet, who is this gentleman?"

I turned. In the doorway of the room stood the Duke of Saint-Maclou. He was in the same dress as when he had parted from me, he was dusty, his face was pale, and the skin had made bags under his eyes. But he stood looking at me composedly, with a smile on his lips.

"Ah!" said he, "it is my friend Mr. Aycon. Bontet, bring me some wine, too, that I may drink with my friend." And he added, addressing me: "You will find our good Bontet most obliging. He is a tenant of mine, and he will do anything to oblige me and my friends. Isn't it so, Bontet?"

The fellow grunted a surly and none too respectful assent, and left the room to fetch the duke his wine. Silence followed on his departure for some seconds. Then the duke came up to where I stood, folded his arms and looked me full in the face.

"It is difficult to lose the pleasure of your company, sir," he said.

"If you will depart from here alone," I retorted, "you shall find it the easiest thing in the world. For, in truth, it is not desire for your society that brings me here."

He lifted a hand and tugged at his mustache.

"You have, perhaps, been to the convent?" he hazarded.

"I have just come from there," I rejoined.

"I am not an Englishman," said he, curling the end of the mustache, "and I do not know how plain an intimation need be to discourage one of your resolute race. For my part, I should have thought that when a lady accepts the escort of one gentleman, it means that she does not desire that of another."

He said this with a great air and an assumption of dignity that contrasted strongly with the unrestrained paroxysms of the night before. I take it that success—or what seems such—may transform a man as though it changed his very skin. But I was not skilled to cross swords with him in talk of that kind, so I put my hands in my pockets and leaned against the shutter and said bluntly:

"God knows what lies you told her, you see."

His white face suddenly flashed; but he held himself in and retorted with a sneer:

"A disabled right arm gives a man fine courage."

"Nonsense!" said I. "I can aim as well with my left;" and that indeed was not very far from the truth. And I went on: "Is she here?"

"Mme. and Mlle. Delhasse are both here, under my escort."

"I should like to see Mlle. Delhasse," I observed.

He answered me in low tones, but with the passion in him close to the surface now and near on boiling up through the thin film of his self-restraint:

"So long as I live, you shall never see her."

But I cared not, for my heart leaped in joy at his words. They meant to me that he dared not let me see her: that, be the meaning of her consent to go with him what it might, yet he dared not match his power over her against mine. And whence came the power he feared? It could be mine only if I had touched her heart.

"I presume she may see whom she will," said I still carelessly.

"Her mother will protect her from you with my help."

There was silence for a minute. Then I said:

"I will not leave here without seeing her."

And a pause followed my words till the duke, fixing his eyes on mine, answered significantly:

"If you leave here alive tonight, you are welcome to take her with you."

I understood, and I nodded my head.

"My left arm is as sound as yours," he added; "and, maybe, better practiced."

Our eyes met again, and the agreement was sealed. The duke was about to speak again, when a sudden thought struck me. I put my hand in my pocket and drew out the Cardinal's Necklace. And I flung it on the table before me, saying:

"Let me return that to you, sir."

The duke stood regarding the necklace for a moment, as it lay gleaming and glittering on the wooden table in the bare inn parlor. Then he stepped up to the table, but at the moment I cried:

"You won't steal her away before—before——"

"Before we fight? I will not, on my honor." He paused and added: "For there is one thing I want more even than her."

I could guess what that was.

And then he put out his hand, took up the necklace and thrust it carelessly into the pocket of his coat. And looking across the room, I saw the inn keeper, Jacques Bontet, standing in the doorway and staring with all his eyes at the spot on the table where the glittering thing had for a moment lain; and as the fellow set down the wine he had brought for the duke, I swear that he trembled as a man who has seen a ghost; for he spilled some of the wine and chinked the bottle against the glass. But while I stared at him, the duke lifted his glass and bowed to me, saying, with a smile and as though he jested in some phrase of extravagant friendship for me:

"May nothing less than death part you and me?"

And I drank the toast with him, saying "Amen."

CHAPTER XVII.

A Reluctant Intrusion.

As Bontet the inn-keeper set the wine on the table before the Duke of Saint-Maclou, the big clock in the hall of the inn struck noon. It is strange to me, even now when the story has grown old in my memory, to recall all that happened before the hands of that clock pointed again to twelve. And last year when I revisited the neighborhood and found a neat new house standing on the site of the ramshackle inn, I could not pass by without a queer feeling in my throat; for it was there that the results of the duchess' indiscretion finally worked themselves out to their unexpected, fatal, and momentous ending. Seldom, as I should suppose, has such a mixed skein of good and evil, of fidelity and happiness, been spun from material no more substantial than a sportive lady's idle freak.

"By the way, Mr. Aycon," said the duke, after we had drunk our toast, "I have had a message from the magistrate at Avranches requesting our presence tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock. An inquiry has to be held into the death of that rascal Lafleur, and our evidence must be taken. It is a mere formality, the magistrate is good enough to assure me, and I have assured him that we shall neither of us allow anything to interfere with our waiting on him, if we can possibly do so."

"I could have sent no other message myself," said I.

"I will also," continued the duke, "send word by Bontet here to those two friends of mine at Pontorson. It would be dull for you to dine alone with me, and, as the evening promises to be fine, I will ask them to be here by five o'clock, and we will have a stroll on the sands and a nearer look at the Mount before our meal. They are officers who are quartered there."

"Their presence," said I, "will add greatly to the pleasure of the evening."

"Meanwhile, if you will excuse me, I shall take an hour or two's rest. We missed our sleep last night, and we should wish to be fresh when our guests arrive. If I might advise you——"

"I am about to breakfast; after that I may follow your advice."

"Ah, you've not breakfasted? You can't do better, then. Au revoir;" and with a bow he left me, calling to Bontet to follow him upstairs and wait for the note which was to go to the officers at Pontorson. It must be admitted that the duke conducted the necessary arrangements with much tact.

In a matter of an hour my breakfast was before me, and I seated myself with my back to the door and my face to the window. I had plenty to think about as I ate; but my chief anxiety was by some means to obtain an interview with Marie Delhasse, not with a view to persuading her to attempt escape with me before the evening—for I had made up my mind that the issue with the duke must be faced now, once for all—but in the hope of discovering why she had allowed herself to be persuaded into leaving the convent. Until I knew that, I was a prey to wretched doubts and despondency, which even my deep-seated confidence in her could not overcome. Fortunately I had a small sum of money in my pocket, and I felt sure that Bontet's devotion to the duke would not be proof against an adequate bribe; perhaps he would be able to assist me in eluding the vigilance of Madame Delhasse and obtaining speech with her daughter.

Bontet, detained as I supposed by the duke, had left a kitchen girl to attend on me; but I soon saw him come out into the yard, carrying a letter in his hand. He walked slowly across to the stable door, at which the face, suddenly presented and withdrawn, had caught my attention. He stopped before the door a moment, then the door opened. I could not see whether he opened it or whether it was unlocked from within, for his burly frame obstructed my view; but the pause was long enough to show that more than the lifting of a latch was necessary. And that I thought worth notice. The door closed after Bontet. I rose, opened my window and listened; but the yard was broad and no sound reached me from the stable.

I waited there five minutes perhaps. The inn-keeper did not reappear, so I returned to my place. I had finished my meal before he came out. This time I was tolerably sure that the door was closed behind him by another hand, and I fancied that I heard the click of a lock. Also I noticed that the letter was no longer visible—of course, he might have put it in his pocket. Jumping up suddenly as though I had just chanced to notice him, I asked him if he were off to Pontorson, or, if not, had he a moment for conversation.

"I am going in a few minutes, sir," he answered; "but I am at your service now."

The words were civil enough, but his manner was surly and suspicious. Lighting a cigaret, I sat down on the window-sill, while he stood just outside.

"I want a bedroom," said I. "Have you one for me?"

"I have given you the room on the first floor, immediately opposite that of the duke."

"Good. And where are the ladies lodged?"

He made no difficulty about giving me an answer.

"They have a sitting room on the first floor," he answered, "but hitherto they have not used it. They have two bedrooms, connected by an interior door, on the second floor, and they have not left them since their arrival."

"Has the duke visited them there?"

"I don't think he has seen them. They had a conversation on their arrival;" and the fellow grinned.

Now was my time. I took a hundred-franc note out of my pocket and held it in my hand so that he could see the figures on it. I hoped that he would not be exorbitant, for I had but one more and some loose napoleons in my pocket.

"What was the conversation about?" I asked.

He put out his hand for the note; but I kept my grasp on it. Honesty was not written large—no, nor plain to read—on Bontet's face.

"I heard little of it; but the young lady said, as they hurried upstairs: 'Where is he? Where is he?'"

"Yes, yes!"

And I held out the note to him. He had earned it. And greedily he clutched it, and stowed it in his breeches pocket under his blouse.

"I heard no more; they hurried her up; the old lady had her by one arm and the duke by the other. She looked distressed—why, I know not; for I suppose"—here a sly grin spread over the fellow's face—"that the pretty present I saw is for her."

"It's the property of the duke," I said.

"But gentlemen sometimes make presents to ladies," he suggested.

"It may be his purpose to do so, Bontet, I want to see the young lady."

He laughed insolently, kicking his toe against the wall.

"What use, unless you have a better present, sir? But it's nothing to me. If you can manage it, you're welcome."

"But how am I to manage it? Come earn your money, and perhaps you'll earn more."

"You're liberal, sir;" and he stared at me as though he were trying to look into my pocket and see how much money was there. I was glad that his glance was not so penetrating. "But I can't help you. Stay, though. The old lady has ordered coffee for two in the sitting-room, and bids me rouse the duke when it is ready: so perhaps the young lady will be left alone for a time. If you could steal up——"

I was not in the mood to stand on a punctilio. My brain was kindled by Marie's words, "Where is he?" Already I was searching for their meaning and finding what I wished. If I could see her, and learn the longed-for truth from her, I should go in good heart to my conflict with the duke.

"Go to your room," said Bontet, whom my prospective largesse had persuaded to civility and almost to eagerness, "and wait. If madame and the duke go there, I'll let you know. But you must risk meeting them."

"I don't mind about that," said I; and, in truth, nothing could make my relations with the pair more hostile than they were already.

My business with Bontet was finished; but I indulged my curiosity for a moment.

"You have a good stable over there, I see," I remarked. "How many horses have you there?"

The fellow turned very red; all signs of good humor vanished from his face; my bribe evidently gave me no right to question him on that subject.

"There are no horses there," he grunted. "The horses are in the new stable facing the road. This one is disused."

"Oh, I saw you come out from there, and I thought——"

"I keep some stores there," he said sullenly.

"And that's why it's kept locked?" I asked at a venture.

"Precisely, sir," he replied. But his uneasy air confirmed my suspicions as to the stable. It hid some secret, I was sure. Nay, I began to be sure that my eyes had not played me false, and that I had indeed seen the face I seemed to see. If that were so, friend Bontet was playing a double game and probably enjoying more than one paymaster.

However, I had no leisure to follow that track, nor was I much concerned to attempt the task. The next day would be time—if I were alive the next day: and I cared little if the secret were never revealed. It was nothing to me—for it never crossed my mind that fresh designs might be hatched in the stable. Dismissing the matter, I did as Bontet advised, and walked upstairs to my room; and as luck would have it, I met Mme. Delhasse plump on the landing, she being on her way to the sitting room. I bowed low. Madame gave me a look of hatred and passed me by. As she displayed no surprise, it was evident that the duke had carried or sent word of my arrival. I was not minded to let her go without a word or two.

"Madame——" I began; but she was too quick for me. She burst out in a torrent of angry abuse. Her resentment, dammed so long for want of opportunity, carried her away. To speak soberly and by the card, the woman was a hideous thing to see and hear; for in her wrath at me, she spared not to set forth in unshamed plainness her designs, nor to declare of what rewards, promised by the duke, my interference had gone near to rob her and still rendered uncertain. Her voice rose, for all her efforts to keep it low, and she mingled foul words of the duchess and of me with scornful curses on the virtue of her daughter. I could say nothing; I stood there wondering that such creatures lived, amazed that Marie Delhasse must call such an one her mother.

Then in the midst of her tirade, the duke, roused without Bontet's help, came out of his room, and waited a moment listening to the flow of the torrent. And, strange as it seemed, he smiled at me and shrugged his shoulders, and I found myself smiling also; for disgusting as the woman was, she was amusing, too. And the duke went on and caught her by the shoulder and said:

"Come, don't be silly, mother. We can settle our accounts with Mr. Aycon in another way than this."

His touch and words seemed to sober her—or perhaps her passion had run its course. She turned to him, and her lips parted with a smile, a cunning and—if my opinion be asked—a loathsome smile; and she caressed the lapel of his coat with her hand. And the duke, who was smoking, smoked on, so that the smoke blew in her face, and she coughed and choked; whereat the duke also smiled. He set the right value on his instrument, and took pleasure in showing how he despised her.

"My dear, dear duke, I have such news for you—such news!" she said, ignoring, as perforce she must, his rudeness. "Come in here, and leave that man."

At this the duke suddenly bent forward, his scornful, insolent toleration giving place to interest.

"News?" he cried, and he drew her toward the door to which she had been going, neither of them paying any more attention to me. And the door closed upon them.

The duke had not needed Bontet's rousing. I did not need Bontet to tell me that the coast was clear. With a last alert glance at the door, I trod softly across the landing and reached the stairs by which Mme. Delhasse had descended. Gently I mounted, and on reaching the top of the flight found a door directly facing me. I turned the handle, but the door was locked. I rattled the handle cautiously—and then again, and again. And presently I heard a light, timid, hesitating step inside; and through the door came, in the voice of Marie Delhasse:

"Who's there?"

And I answered at once, boldly, but in a low voice:

"It is I. Open the door."

She, in her turn, knew my voice; for the door was opened, and Marie Delhasse stood before me, her face pale with weariness and sorrow, and her eyes wide with wonder. She drew back before me, and I stepped in and shut the door, finding myself in a rather large, sparely furnished room. A door opposite was half-open. On the bed lay a bonnet and a jacket which certainly did not belong to Marie.

Most undoubtedly I had intruded into the bedchamber of that highly respectable lady, Mme. Delhasse. I can only plead that the circumstances were peculiar.

(To Be Continued.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Ind.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical headaches, backache, sees imaginary dark spots or specks floating or dancing before her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy full feeling in stomach, faint spells, dragging-down feeling in lower abdominal or pelvic region, easily startled or excited, irregular or painful periods, with or without pelvic catarrh, is suffering from weaknesses and derangements that should have early attention. Not all of above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such cases often run into maladies which demand the surgeon's knife if they do not result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long and numerous record of cures in such cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. No medicine has such a strong professional indorsement of each of its several ingredients—worth more than any number of ordinary non-professional testimonials. The very best ingredients known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments enter into its composition. No alcohol, harmful, or habit-forming drug is to be found in the list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath.

In any condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do only good—never harm. Its whole effect is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate the whole female system and especially the pelvic organs. When these are deranged in function or affected by disease, the stomach and other organs of digestion become sympathetically deranged, the nerves are weakened, and a long list of bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too much must not be expected of this "Favorite Prescription." It will not perform miracles; will not cure tumors—no medicine will. It *will* often *prevent* them, if taken in time, and thus the operating table and the surgeon's knife may be avoided.

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Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

STORY OF TWO SONS

Two babies were once born on the Same day on the same Street in a city not a thousand miles away from Here.

The parents of one, appreciating the Trust put into their hands, resolved that they would make a Man out of their son who would leave his Impress on the World. Not only should he be physically perfect, but Mentally and Morally they set about training him to be a Giant.

He was fed by a Book, written by the greatest Authority on Infant nourishment.

In due course of Time he was sent to College. There he was surrounded by all the refining and uplifting influences of wealth and Culture. His record was not particularly brilliant, but he got through. This was followed by several years of foreign travel.

When he came back he was met at the Wharf by the family Solicitor, who gently broke the news to him that his Father had lost everything he had. He could congratulate himself, that one explained, that he was so splendidly Equipped to take his place in the World.

At first, blush this seemed Easy enough. He finally decided to enter Journalism. There were no positions open, but at last he was given a job as Reporter by a kind hearted editor who had known his Father. He lost that place because he paid so little attention to Statistics and facts and gave all his attention to Style. He next turned to Literature, explaining that Belles Lettres was his forte anyway. He came out with a purse consisting of a Legacy by the money he had wasted on postage stamps. He ran the gamut of all the Professions. Now he is selling a series of "The World's Leading Citizens," bound in half calf, at twenty-five dollars a set, two dollars down and the rest a dollar a month.

To go back to the other Baby:—He opened his blue eyes and looked up into the faces of two irresponsible young persons who told him they were his Parents and for him to hurry up and go to Work to support them. Neither of them seemed to lose any sleep planning for his future. Half the time they were so taken up with other things they forgot to Feed him. About this time the young Son learned his only language was a cry and if he kept it up they would give him anything to Desist.

In less than two weeks he also learned that it was up to him to look out for Number one. Sometimes when he got so hungry he was desperate, he would burrow into the pillow and eat a few Feathers.

From the Irish policeman who courted the Cook he learned blarney and the ways of Ward politicians. He acquired his guile from the gutter snipes on the Corner to whom he secretly conveyed three meals a day in his pockets. His business education was in the hands of a crippled newsboy further down, whom he helped to sell papers out of pure friendliness and the opportunity it gave him for Scraps with unprincipled people who tried to short change the Proprietor.

He borrowed the money himself and went to a Business college. He came back and went into a business that he owned in less than five years. He has fought honestly up every rung in the ladder. He is as Sharp as a brier and you couldn't stir his Friends with a stick, they are so thick every where.

This simple story teaches that Life's is the only Education that counts.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

WHEN NATIONS SETTLE DOWN

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 11 Is, "God's Promise to David." I. Chronicles 17.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

In all the spheres of nationbuilding in the world today there is no finer spectacle than that of the attitude of the men of Canada toward their new and imperial northwestern country. Throughout the Dominion there is manifest a resolute determination to conserve the Canadian type in this newer region, and to build the northwest soundly and permanently upon lines that will make it great. This means that the church must accompany the pioneer. So with magnificent audacity, Canada's churchmen have pledged themselves to the task of creating a Christian Canada on the fast moving frontier. At the present time there is in progress throughout the Dominion, stretching from sea to sea, a great series of Laymen's Missionary meetings, one avowed purpose of which is to secure a symmetrical development of the new Canada with Christianity as its chief cornerstone.

That is old Israel's experience brought down to date; the present Sunday school lesson in the terms of today. The assigned subject is David's desire for an enduring kingdom, and for the continuance of his own family line; and for a place for Jehovah in the social and national life of Israel that should be greater than that held by any individual or institution. He wanted a house fit to be Jehovah's dwelling—about which more later.

He especially wanted to see his own line persist, and this theme occupies more than half the chapter. This second ambition, while distinctively Oriental, is altogether laudable. As a supreme court justice said the other day, "How better can we bring in the kingdom of heaven than by having Christian men in all the places of honor and power?"

The American Emperor.

A successful Scotch preacher, the Rev. Dr. John Kelman, of Free St. George's church, Edinburgh, was lately on his way home from this country, when he fell to discussing, with a well known American scientist, the pressing problems of life in America. Dr. Kelman asked the scientist if he knew of a solution for these problems. The answer, says the Congregationalist, was prompt and emphatic. "Yes, an emperor."

"An emperor?" asked Dr. Kelman, surprised. "I thought you had done with all that in America. And would not your emperor need to be a very wonderful man, incapable of making mistakes, and able to lead the nation on to victory?"

"Precisely," was the quiet reply. "And we know of such a man. We are waiting for Him. We expect Him to come. And his name is—Jesus."

All thoughtful men are, like David, concerned for the welfare of religion in the nation. Some, like the scientist quoted, see clearly that the only hope of the state lies in the reign of "King David's greater Son." Even politicians, with no personal, sympathetic interest in the church, are trying with each other, as the present political campaign in the United States reveals, in their endeavor to lay stress upon the importance of religious ideals and institutions. When David perceived that in the midst of the now prosperous kingdom, with its own capital, Jerusalem, there should be erected as a pre-eminent structure a temple to Jehovah, he was but expressing what is a universal truth. Religion's place should be first place. The wonderful phenomenon of Japan can be explained only by the fact that the emperor is a deity, and that in a very true sense patriotism is religion. The great temples and shrines of Japan, which, for hundreds of years have been places of pilgrimage, have bound the people together into a national solidarity, and have imbued them with the sentiment that to live or die for their emperor is the highets religious duty and destiny. Even in Europe the great cathedrals have been a powerful factor in conserving the national ideals and traditions. Where a state is sincerely Christian, all its institutions are safe.

Big Houses and Small Churches.

The truth still runs through modern life, which the old Hebrew monarch saw clearly, that society is not constructed in right proportions if the individual is exalted above the general body. It sounds quite like a modern political dogma, rather than a statement of a three thousand year old historical fact, to declare that public institutions are more important than private interests. Even the king's house could not with propriety be greater than the center of the people's worship, the temple of Jehovah.

Ruskin rightly asks, in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," that in a true Christian community, the public buildings for the use of all should be the noblest, the most expensive, most commanding in the town or city. This idea is growing in our modern towns. The capitols, the court houses, the churches, the school houses, the libraries, the hospitals, are the noblest. "The question is not between God's house and ours. . . . I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. . . . I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation . . . but I say this emphatically, that a tenth part of the expense which is sacrified in domestic vanities would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England, such a church as would be a joy and a blessing even to pass near."

By this same token, the church is bigger than any one man. The house of God is superior to the king's palace. It is ridiculous for Presbyterians to have a "one-man church," such as is not unknown in these latter days—a church practically owned and run by one man as he runs his mill or his store. To talk about "Smith's church," or "Jones' church," is to render a serious indictment against both Smith and Jones and the church. Be a man's motive never so beneficial, he does wrong to the spirit of religion when he exalts himself above the body of believers.

The Getting-Ready Man.

It was praiseworthy in David to desire a great temple for Jehovah; but the word came to him that he was not to build it. He was a man of war, with his hands deeply immersed in blood. To the end of his life he would be engrossed in military affairs, and in kingdom-building cares. He belonged to the preparation period. His lot it was—and this is the message of the old story—to make ready the material for the building which his son should rear. Thus are lives intertwined. Nobody ever does a complete work. Some David prepares and some Solomon finishes. The capacity for self-abnegation is an essential quality of greatness. Ramesis the Great has been discovered to have been a very small mortal, indeed, in that he systematically tried to steal the greatness of all his predecessors by having his own name carved upon the enduring works of Egypt. It has taken centuries to reveal the pretensions of this vain fraud. David was the great King David in nothing more than his willingness to subordinate himself to a great enterprise.

Even though he thought that he was taking second place, the life and glory of David run through the magnificent temple of Solomon, even as David's family line would project itself into the spiritual temple and kingdom which have succeeded the Israel of old.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail to win.

"What matter, I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

"Ring, bells, in far-off steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples.
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own."

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWERS.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

What must I put in cider to keep it from getting hard? Am anxious to know. —W., Moundsville, W. Va.

Will someone please tell me where I can find a market for Angora wool? Would like to hear as promptly as possible.—K., Greenville, Ill.

Has any reader of The Blade had experience with the day-blooming moon flower advertised by seed houses? Would it make a bad weed if I should adopt it as a porch vine?—C., Crawford, Pa.

GRAPE VINES.

M., Yates City, Ill.: Spread manure at least four feet wide each side of the row late this fall and cut back the vines to two buds. Set vines 20 feet apart in the row. Give good culture; at least allow no sod to form. Train the shoots from the two buds along the trellis in opposite directions. For a trellis dig holes a foot or more deep every 10 feet, set up stout irons, old buggy axles or the like, lengthened out by binding other irons upon them with strong wire, then fill the holes with concrete made of five parts sand to one of cement, with broken stone scattered in and well pounded down. Do not touch the posts until the cement has set. A length of American woven wire fencing firmly wired to the posts completes the trellis, or separate wires may be used. Put on manure chip dirt or both every year in early fall and when of bearing age cut back every shoot grown that summer to buds, the same next year, and so on.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

THAT COW.

E., Utica, Pa.: Your cow has the garget and the best cure is to replace her with a better cow. A Mr. C. V. Smead, V. S., answers questions of this sort in the Tribune Farmer and he lately advised that a cow having recurrent clotted spells would better be examined by an expert for tuberculosis and be killed. I give it as I read it. I know nothing about it except that remembering the cows that have played out with me in my time in this way and that I and my tribe have never had consumption, I partly guess the danger is not great. But it is my experience that a cow that has had it once will have it again at one time or another and again and again, until she retires from the dairy. The first light attacks soon passing off without treatment are easily "cured;" a dose of ground moonshine or anything else will do it. But a radical cure is another thing. You may relieve or even cure the cold you have today, but will you attempt at the same time to cure all the colds you are going to have for the next twenty years?—G., Arkport, N. Y.

SWEET GRAPE WINE.

A short time ago I saw in The Farmstead column a request how to make sweet grape wine. I submit the following, which is tried and true: Take nice bunches of grapes, wash carefully to not break skin, let dry by spreading on a cloth. When dry pick from stems carefully and put in a jar in layers of 1 cup grapes and 1 cup sugar till jar is full, or as many as desired, and put a saucer or plate, according to size of jar, to hold them down, and tie a cloth or paper tightly over top and set in as cool a place as is convenient, and leave stand for six weeks; then drain juice off and bottle. This is unfermented, simply the juice extracted by the sugar, and is fine.—Mrs. G., Wauseon, O.

VALUE OF THE MULE.

According to the latest census there are now nearly 4,000,000 mules in the United States, representing a total value of $416,930,000. Good mules sell as high as $500 a team, and there is always a good demand for the better class. Farmers will find the raising of mules a profitable industry. The mule is hardier than the horse and much easier to raise. Sick mules are rarely seen, and mules are not as susceptible to disease as horses. The mule generally lives longer than the horse, according to history a mule in ancient Greece having lived to be 60 years old.

There are many things to be said in favor of the mule. He is accused of being stubborn when he is simply tenacious and courageous. He rarely balks and will continue to pull on a load as long as he is able to keep his feet. The mule will forage and browse where horses cannot go. The mule has plenty of good common sense and can easily be broken and trained. The mule seldom runs away, but when he does he never gets hurt, as horses frequently do. He has a faculty of avoiding danger. Even when he falls down he remains quiet until extricated from the harness, apparently realizing that if he attempts to flounder around the harness will become tangled. The mule is a good work animal for the farm and is valuable for road work, or for heavy hauling in cities is preferable to the horse. From the present outlook there is no danger of the market being oversupplied for some years to come.

POPCORN GROWING.

Generally speaking the popcorn industry of the United States is confined to a few growers who are able to sell all they produce and who produce about nine-tenths of the entire crop. There is money in popcorn properly marketed, and as a side issue many farmers have found a patch of the good varieties very profitable. It appears that the kind most popular among growers is the white rice, which produces large, well formed ears and has a high average number of pounds per acre. From fifty to sixty bushels per acre at 2½ cents per pound constitutes a good showing for popcorn growing. America takes the lead both in production and consumption of popcorn, as in practically every other corn product. There is generally a very strong and steady demand for popcorn, though it is seldom possible to make a profit in raising a medium crop. It is estimated that greatly in excess of 300 car loads of popcorn are dispensed annually, in forms familiar to every American boy or girl.

A good popcorn field will generally present a pleasant appearance. The first thing to look out for is good drainage and proper soil. Soil that would produce a good crop of the flint corn will do for popcorn, and where the ground is in good till and is well worked the spring touch harrow does excellent service. But if the earth crust becomes a trifle rough or hard the shovel cultivator gives better satisfaction in the field.

In general appearance and character the popcorn plant resembles other kinds of corn and only its size betrays the difference. Poor conditions, such as impoverished soil, lack of moisture, etc., as is the case with other kinds of corn, is indicated by the well known yellow appearance and the sickly appearance of the stalk. However, popcorn will thrive under the same conditions as other corns. On account of the shortness of the stalks farmers have always experienced considerable difficulty in harvesting the popcorn crop with the regular corn harvester, but this matter has been greatly overcome by the adjustable binder, which permits the bundles being any length. The improvement of this machinery has been greatly responsible for the extensive raising of popcorn, and if it required hand harvesting in the old way there would be but small profit in such a crop.

There is another part of popcorn growing which demands serious attention. This is the husking of the crop, and it still remains a very expensive operation to the grower. From the field the corn is drawn at once to the drying cribs. These cribs are narrower than the ordinary corn cribs. When first placed in cribs corn contains from 15 to 30 per cent of moisture and this must be brought down to a very small temperature to cure popcorn so as to prevent molding, plastering, cracking or baking, any one of which will ruin the corn for popping and render it mere poultry feed, as well as the depredations of rats or mice. The crop then is a continual source of care for an entire year.

Nearly all popcorn is sold on the ear, but a small quantity is shelled and marketed in sealed packages, though it has been found recently that corn put up in the latter manner is apt to lose its shopping qualities after the first season. The surplus corn is usually marketed in eastern cities.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE PET COW.

A well known dairy authority has recently said: "In taking care of the cow I wish it fully understood that I regard the dairy cow as a pet. She is a pet and should be treated as such, treated as you would treat your best friend—with the utmost kindness. I do not know of any animal on the farm that is a better friend to the farmer than the dairy cow. She will work for his interest and help to lift the heavy mortgages, the worst thing the farmer has to work against. Your best friend may help you for a while, but the dairy cow will help you always, provided that you do your part and make her feel comfortable. I have seen cases where the cow has been cruelly treated, and must say that I feel sorry for the man who tries to make headway in such a manner, because he goes two steps backward for each step he attempts to come forward. You may perhaps force your horse to draw a heavy load, but you can never force your cows through ill treatment. You will be the loser in the end.

In feeding the cow give her good, wholesome food, whatever kind it may be, but never feed her rotten or spoiled silage or shreddings, or beets, where they are used. The odor of the milk from such feed is terrible, and a batch of such milk taken to the creamery is enough to spoil a whole churning. The results of feeding spoiled food comes back, both in the milk and your pocketbook, becsides you run the risk of losing your cow. When you feed your cows and probably at the same time show them high in price the feed is, especially bran and middlings, then remember that it does pay to feed the full quantity."

SELECTING SEED CORN.

As much depends upon the selection of seed for planting as upon the choosing of a good animal to head a herd. The corn harvest is now beginning, and consequently now is the time when the seed for next year's planting should be selected and put aside. An authority upon the subject says there are three methods of selecting corn for seed: Picking it from the corn crib in the spring just before planting, selecting at the time of husking, and selecting from the stalks while standing in the field. The first method is, perhaps, the commonest, but it is fast becoming obsolete with progressive farmers. With the two methods that we need to concern ourselves. Selecting at husking time is good, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. A good ear can be selected, as every ear is handled, but the character of the stalk upon which it grew cannot be observed, as in the third method. So the best plan, in the light of recent experiments, is to go through the field before cutting or husking begins, and select good-looking, well matured ears that are held in good position on clean, thrifty looking stalks that stand up well, have good leaf development, and are of medium size. The Purdue station recommends that the ears selected should be of a size suitable for the local conditions. There is a limit to the size of the ear that can be expected to

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CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running Watery Blood or Yellowish Matter, or Stopped Up, Ringing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness; Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels may Catarrh.

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Physical Tests for Employes

Chicago Inter Ocean.

One of the leading railroad companies in the east has decided to establish a system for physical tests before employing men, which will be as severe as that required for entering the army or navy. The decision is based on the new federal employers' liability act, passed by the last congress, the railroad taking the position that in order to avoid the payment of heavy damages it will be necessary to require a higher degree of efficiency among employes than heretofore. The traveling public will be pleased to note the reports of the interstate commerce commission show that many accidents are traced to the physical inefficiency of railway trainmen. It will be better for mankind if employes charged with the transportation and care of human lives are required to show a clean bill of mental and moral health before they become secure or are allowed to retain their positions.

Addressing the Queen.

New York Press.

The other day a foreigner at the court addressed the good King Edward: "Hello, king, how do you feel?" "Well," replied his majesty. "That's right, old boy; keep it up." That was as bad as the salutation of a visitor to Queen Victoria. One morning a statesman of the little republic, riding in Hyde park, saw her majesty approaching in her carriage of state. Stepping briskly to the edge of the drive he lifted his hat and said: "Good day, Mme. Queen." It is not on record what the queen said in reply. If she was uncivil to her own ambassador, Lord Lyons, what could a mere politician expect?

The Sucker State.

New York Press.

Illinois has been called the "Sucker State" for many years, and her natives are known as "Suckers." A dozen reasons and excuses have been given for this strange designation, but the only satisfactory one was told me the other day by a grandson of Ninian Edwards: "The early settlers adopted many Indian habits. Even strapped their babies to boards like papooses. After they began to raise corn the mother would leave her little ray of sunshine alone in the cabin for hours; to alleviate his solitude she gave him a large piece of raw pork to suck, first tying it to his foot by a string, so that when he attempted to swallow it the natural impulse to kick would save him from choking."

THE GOOD WILL HABIT

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it encircles and enlarges the whole life. Where we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with the friendliness for them, if we have formed the good will habit.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting, says Home Chat.

A Fortune Made With Ten Dollars.

I think it my duty to tell your readers of a sure way to make money, where $10 invested now, and the proceeds reinvested for ten years, should make you $10,000.00. Is this not worth investigating? You should make 150 per cent per annum on your money in the lumber business. From timber land bought for $50 an acre, $200 worth of lumber should be sold, making more than 150 per cent per annum. There is no risk in the lumber business and you get your dividends every three months. Write to the Pittsburgh-Arkansas Lumber Co., Block 21, Pittsburg, Pa., for particulars; they are reliable, and will give you all desired information. There is certainly no excuse for remaining poor, when $10 should bring you wealth and comfort.

Dog Saves Mate in Well.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Thomas Jones, who owns a big ranch on San Juan Island, lost a collie dog nearly a month ago, and for several days searched the woods about his place zealously for the animal without success. Last week he killed a sheep and tossed a bone to another collie. Instead of gnawing it, the dog picked it up and started for the woods. He kept turning his head, apparently to see if he was followed, and Jones concluded to follow him.

The dog trotted along for a mile and stopped at the edge of an abandoned well. He dropped the bone over the edge of the well. Jones got a ladder, climbed down, and found the dog that had been lost. There was only about 2 inches of water in the well, but the animal would have starved to death had it not been for the other.

The lost dog was in good condition, and as it had been missing 24 days, the other animal must have kept it supplied with food for nearly a month.

Hen Laying for Bryan.

Philadelphia Record.

In the yard of the Baughman House, a hotel in Pork, Pa., where ardent Democrats have tacked up pictures of their choice for President on almost every side, a hen has laid an egg of peculiar shape, bearing a remarkable resemblance to a medallion stamped with the face of William Jennings Bryan.

The egg is of ordinary size and only one side is thus conformed. Around the oval which bears the striking resemblance to the nominee is something which appears to be lettering, and which Proprietor Baughman and some others who have examined the curiosity declare spells "W. J. Bryan." The freak egg, which is looked upon as a good omen, may be sent to Mr. Bryan.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

PROPERTIES OF A POTATO.

Please tell what per cent of water is contained in a potato? What does the solid part consist of?—J. B. P., Broncho, N. D.

A potato contains 78 per cent of water, 18 per cent of starch, 2.2 per cent of protein, 1 per cent of ash, and 0.1 per cent of fat.

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

Will you please tell me how, and by whom appointments are made to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis? Give age for admittance and studies required.—D. A. T., De Funiak Springs, Fla.

The students of the naval academy are called midshipmen. Two midshipmen are allowed for each senator, representative, and delegate in congress, two for the District of Columbia, and five each year from the United States at large. The appointments from the District of Columbia and five each year from the United States at large are made by the President. One midshipman is allowed from Porto Rico, who must be a native of that island. The appointment is made by the President, on the recommendation of the governor of Porto Rico. The congressional appointments are equitably distributed, so that as soon as practicable each senator, representative and delegate in congress may appoint one midshipman each congress. The course for midshipmen is six years—four years at the academy, when the succeeding appointment is made, and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the examination for graduation takes place. Midshipmen who pass the examination for final graduation are appointed to fill vacancies in the lower grade of the line of the navy, in the order of merit as determined by the academic board of the naval academy. The act of June 29, 1906, prescribes that the secretary of the navy shall as soon as possible after June 1 of each year preceding the graduation of midshipmen in the succeeding year, notify in writing each senator, representative and delegate in congress of any vacancy that will exist at the naval academy because of such graduation and which he shall be entitled to fill by nomination of a candidate and one or more alternates therefor. The nomination of a candidate and alternate or alternates to fill said vacancy shall be made upon the recommendation of the senators, representative or delegate, if such recommendation is made by March 4 of the year following that in which said notice in writing is given, but if it is not made by that time the secretary of the navy shall fill the vacancy by appointment of an actual resident of the state, congressional district or territory, as the case may be, in which the vacancy will exist, who shall have been for at least two years immediately preceding the date of his appointment an actual and bona fide resident of the state, congressional district or territory in which the vacancy will exist, and of the legal qualification under the law as now provided. Candidates allowed for congressional districts, for territories, and for the District of Columbia must be actual residents. Candidates at the time of their examination must be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution. Attention will also be paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one manifestly under size for his age will be received at the academy. The height of candidates for admission shall not be less than 5 feet 2 inches between the ages of 16 and 18 years, and not less than 5 feet 4 inches between the ages of 18 and 20 years; and the minimum weight at 16 years of age shall be 100 pounds, with an increase of not less than 5 pounds for each additional year or fraction of a year over one-half. Any marked deviation in the relative height and weight to the age of the candidate will add materially to the consideration for rejection. Candidates must be unmarried, and any midshipmen who shall marry, or who shall be found to be married, before his final graduation, shall be dismissed from the service. All candidates must, at the time of their examintion for admission, be between the ages of 16 and 20 years. The pay of a midshipman is $500, beginning at the date of admission. The regulations regarding places and times of examination and subjects of examinations may be obtained by addressing the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

CANTILEVER BRIDGES.

Please tell all you can about cantilever bridges; give the location of several.—J. V. W., La Crosse, Kan.

Many cantilever bridges are being constructed in the United States. The cantilever is a bracket resting on a pier in the river or ravine to be crossed, and so balanced and secured that the extended arm will support both its own weight and its movable load. It is connected at its mid-river extremity by a girder span, with a similar bracket reaching from the opposite shore. There are several of these bridges in the United States, the first of any size being the Niagara cantilever, built in 1883. Its total length is 910 feet, and it is 295 feet above the surface of the river, with steel towers 190 feet high. Other cantilever bridges are the Hudson River bridge at Poughkeepsie and the Blackwell's Island bridge in New York. There is a cantilever bridge across the Colorado river at Red Rock, California, and across the Mississippi river at Memphis, Tenn. One of the best examples of the cantilever bridge is the great railway bridge at Queensferry, Scotland.

THE VIRGINIAS

Will you please tell us what is meant by "Old Virginia" and "New Virginia?"—A. H., Wabash, Ind.

"Old Virginia" is the present state of Virginia; "New Virginia" is the present state of West Virginia. These states were one state up to the year 1861. Before this time there were many controversies between the inhabitants of the western counties and those of the eastern counties. These controversies continued up to 1861 when Virginia seceded from the Union. The delgates to the convention from the western counties opposed this act. In an irregular convention at Wheeling the western delegates voted 40,000 against and 4,000 for secession. The sceond Wheeling convention composed of the newly elected members of the legislature and irregularly elected delegates from the counties west of the mountains, met June 11, 1861, declared the ordinance of secession void, vacated the offices of the state of Virginia and formed a "reorganized" government of Virginia. Senators, eleted, were received at Washington. A third convention was called at Wheeling on November 26, in which 41 counties were represented. A constitution for the new state was formed and ratified by the people in April, 1862. The name West Virginia was adopted. On June 19, 1863, the new state was admitted into the Union, and the long-desired separation was effected. The movement was not caused by the war; the war simply gave an opportunity to secure long-desired independence.

MURDER OF KEY.

Will you please give an account of the murder of P. B. Key by D. E. Sickles? Is Mrs. Sickles living?—O. B., Leesburg, O.

At 2 p. m., February 27, 1859, Daniel Edgar Sickles proceeded from his home near the White House, Washington, D. C., to the southeast corner of Lafayette Square where Key was talking with Mr. Butterworth of New York. There he accused Key of dishonoring him and destroying his domestic peace. He shot him three times with a revolver. One bullet entered the left side, passed through the body to the opposite side and lodged under the skin. The second entered the right side near the main artery. Key pleaded, fell, begging Sickles not to kill him. Sickles fired a third shot which struck the right side, glanced from the body, leaving a bruise. Death followed in a few minutes. Sickles delivered himself to the officers later in the day. We do not know if Mrs. Sickles is living or not.

QUEEN ZENOBIA.

Will you please tell all you can about Queen Zenobia?—E. A. N.

Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, was instructed in the sciences by the celebrated Longinus, and made such progress that besides her native tongue she spoke the Latin, Greek, Coptic, and Syrian languages. She was married to Odenathus, king of Palmyra, accompanied him both in the war and the chase, and the success of his military expedition against the Persians is, in a great degree, attributed to her prudence and courage. She became Queen of the East after the death of her husband in 267 A. D. She was preparing to make other conquests, when the succession of Aurelian to the purple led to a remarkable change of fortune. That prince, disgusted at the usurpation of the richest provinces of the east by a female, determined to make war upon her. He gained two battles, Antioch and Emesa, besieged her in Palmyra, where she defended herself with great bravery. At length, finding that the city would be obliged to surrender, she quitted it privately; but the emperor, having notice of her escape, caused her to be pursued with such diligence that she was overtaken just as she got into a boat to cross the Euphrates. Aurelian spared her life, but made her serve to grace his triumph. She saved her life, which was demanded by the Roman soldiers, by sacrificing her ministers, among whom was the distinguished Longinus. She passed the remainder of her life as a Roman matron; and her daughters were married by Aurelian into families of distinction. Her only surviving son retired into Armenia, where the emperor bestowed upon him a small principality. Ware wrote a book entitled "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra."

HIGH ALTITUDE RESTAURANTS

"What is probably the highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Elsmeer station of the Jungfrau railway, in Switzerland. It is situated 10,000 feet above the sea level, close to the summit of the mountain. The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine waterfall, deep down in the valley below."

The above appeared in a recent issue of The Blade, which I think is the best paper of its kind on earth, but in regard to restaurants at high altitudes, the one on the summit of Pike's Peak has an altitude of 14,147 feet. Leadville has an altitude of 10,180 feet and has a number of fine restaurants. Altman has restaurants above 10,600 feet.—C. R. W., Colorado Springs, Colo.

CORN CROPS.

How many bushels of corn were raised in the United States in the years 1905, 1906, 1907 and 1908? What states lead in corn?—F. S. R., Arlington, Neb.

The corn produced in 1905 was 2,707,993,540 bushels; in 1906, 2,927,416,091 bushels; indications of crop for 1907 was 2,553,732,000 bushels. It is too early for the result of the 1908 crop.

INJUNCTIONS.

Will the Question Bureau please tell something about injunction? How far back does the injunction date?—R. N., Grape Creek, Ill.

The injunction originated in Roman law, but was anciently known as an interdict. In Scottish practice it still bears that name. It was introduced as a remedy for some of the abuses of common law, and as a preventive, when evasions of common law provisions seemed possible. There are three main divisions in the purposes for which a writ of injunction is issued. A writ may be prohibitive, protective or restorative. In the first place it may forbid the commission of certain acts of a civil nature which are charged with injustice. Second, it may be so framed as to protect such civil rights of an individual or a corporation as seem to be threatened. Third, it may order the restitution or restoration of such rights as have unlawfully been taken away from an individual or a corporation.

W. T. HARRIS.

Please give a sketch of William T. Harris. How did he acquire his wonderful memory?—O. L., Sutton, W. Va.

William Torrey Harris, the American educator and metaphysician, was born September 10, 1835. He studied at Yale in the class of 1858, but was not graduated, and after teaching in the St. Louis public schools from 1857 to 1867, he held the superintendency of the schools of that city for three years. While in St. Louis he founded the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, which he still edits. He removed to Concord, Mass., in 1880 and aided in founding the Concord School of Philosophy, at which he lectured on metaphysical themes. Since September, 1889, he has been United States commissioner of education. He has edited Appleton's School Reader and Appleton's Educational Series. We do not know how he acquired his wonderful memory. One can probably acquire a good memory if he cultivates it properly.

JERUSALEM.

Please give a history of Jerusalem.—A. F. M., Mechanicsburg, Va.

The earliest name of Jerusalem appears to have been Jebus, or poetically Salem, and its king in Abraham's time was Melchizedek. When the Hebrews took possession of Canaan, the city of Salem was burned, but the fortress remained in the hands of the Jebusites, till King David took it by storm, and made it the capital of his kingdom. From that time it was called Jerusalem. During the reigns of David and Solomon it attained its highest degree of power. When ten of the Jewish tribes seceded under Jeroboam they made Shechem (and later Samaria), the capital of their kingdom of Israel, and Jerusalem remained the capital of the smaller but more powerful kingdom of Judah. The city was taken by Shishak, king of Egypt, in 791 B. C., was later conquered and sacked byJoash, king of Israel, and in the time of Ahaz the king of Syria came against it with a large force, but could not take it. The city was besieged in Hezekiah's reign by the army of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, but was saved by a sudden destruction of the invading army. After the death of Josiah, the city was tributary for some years to the king of Egypt, but was taken after repeated attempts by the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar, in 586, and was left a heap of ruins. The work of rebuilding it began by order of King Cyrus about 538 B. C., who allowed the Jewish people that had been carried into captivity to return for this purpose. From this time Jerusalem enjoyed comparatively peace for several hundred years and grew to be an important commercial city. When Alexander invaded Syria it submitted to him without resistance. After his death it belonged for a time to Egypt and in 198 B. C. passed with the rest of Judea under the rule of Syria. Antiochus the Great ruled it with mildness and justice, but tyranny of his son, Antiochus Epiphanes, brought about the revolt, headed by the Maccabees, through which Jerusalem gained a brief independence. In 63, Pompey the Great took the city, demolished the walls and killed thousands of people, but did not plunder it. However, nine years later Crassus robbed the temple of all its treasures. The walls were soon after rebuilt under Antipater, the Roman procurator, but when Herod came to rule over the city with the title of King given him by the Roman Senate, he was resisted and only took possession after an obstinate siege, which was followed by the massacre of great numbers of the people. Herod improved and enlarged the city, and restored the temple on a more magnificent scale than in Solomon's time. Jerusalem is said at this time to have had a population of over 200,000. This period of wealth and prosperity was also rendered most memorable for Jerusalem by the ministry and crucifixion of Christ. About A. D. 66, the Jews, goaded to desperation by the tyranny of the Romans, revolted, garrisoned Jerusalem, and defeated a Roman army sent against them. This was the beginning of the disastrous war which ended with the destruction of the city. It was taken by Titus, in the year 70, after a long and vigorous siege, all the inhabitants were massacred or made prisoners, and the entire city left a heap of ruins. The Emperor Hadrian built on the site of Jerusalem, a Roman city, under the name of Elia Capitalina, with a temple of Jupiter, and Jews were forbidden to enter the city under pain of death. Under Constantine it was made a place of pilgrimage for Christians, as the emperor's mother and Helena had with much pains located the various sites of events in the history of Christ. The Emperor Julian, on the contrary, not only allowed the Jews to return to their city, but also made an attempt, which ended in failure, to rebuild their temple. In 614 the Persian Emperor Chosroes invaded the Roman empire. The Jews joined his army, and after conquering the northern part of Palestine, the united forces laid siege to and took Jerusalem. The Jews wreaked vengeance on the Christians for what they had been forced to endure, and 20,000 people were massacred. The Persians held rule in the city for fourteen years; it was then taken by the Romans again, but in 636 the Caliph Omar beseiged it. After four months the city capitulated. It was under the rule of the Caliph for 400 years, until the Seljuk Turks in 1077 invaded Syria and made it a province of their empire. Christian pilgrims had for many years kept up the practice of visiting the tomb of Christ, as the Caliphs did not interfere with their devotions any further than by exacting a small tribute from each visitor. But the cruelties practiced upon the pilgrims by the Turks were many, and report of them soon roused all Europe to a pitch of indignation, and brought about that series of holy wars which for a time restored the holy sepulcher into Christian hands. Jerusalem was stormed and taken July 15, 1099, and 50,000 Moslems were slaughtered by their wrathful Christian foes. The new sovereignty was precariously maintained until 1187, when it fell before the power of Saladin. Jerusalem, after a siege of twelve days, surrendered. Saladin, however, did not put his captives to death, but contented himself with expelling them from the city. Jerusalem passed into the hands of the Franks by treaty in 1229, was retaken by the Moslems in 1239, once more restored in 1243, and finally conquered in 1244 by a horde of Kharesmian Turks. In 1517 Palestine was conquered by Sultan Selim I., and since then has been under the rule of the Ottoman Empire, except for a brief period—from 1832 to 1840, when it was in the hands of Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and his son Ibreham had his seat of government at Jerusalem.

COCKROACHES.

Please tell me how to exterminate cockroaches.—W. P., Summer, Ill.

The sprinkling of pulverized borax around infested places will drive the cockroaches away. There is something peculiar either in the smell or touch of borax that is certain death to them. They will flee in terror from it and never return where it has once been placed. One great advantage of using borax for this is, that it is perfectly harmless to human beings.

Another way to exterminate cockroaches is to boil one ounce of polk-root in one pint of water until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses and spread it in plates in the apartments which are infested by these insects. Paris green sprinkled around the apartments will also exterminate them, but should be used with caution, as it is very poisonous.

CONCRETE GRAVEL WALK.

Will The Blade tell how to make a concrete gravel walk?—H. J. P., Bremen, Ky.

Dig away the earth to a depth of about five inches, then lay a bottom of pebbles, ramming them all well down with a paving rammer. Sweep them off as clean as possible with a broom, and cover the surface thinly with hot coal tar. Now put on a coat of smaller gravel (the first bed of pebbles should be as large as goose eggs), previously dipped in hot coal tar, drained, and rolled in coal ashes, with an intermixture of fine gravel, and roll it down as thoroughly as possible. Let the roller run slowly, and let a boy follow it with a hoe to scrape off all adhering gravel. Next put on a coat of fine gravel or sand, and coal tar with some coal ashes, to complete the surface. Roll again as thoroughly as possible, the more rolling the better. It will take some weeks to harden, but will make a surface that will shed water like a roof. Only use enough tar to make the ingredients cohere under pressure. A little tar is better than too much.

NATIONAL DEBT.

Will you please publish the national debt, its increases and decreases from 1885 to the present time?—J. A. Y., Belleville, W. Va.

Statements concerning the principal of the national debt were made on July 1 of each year from 1885 to 1886, inclusive; December 1, 1887 to 1886 inclusive; November 1, 1893 to 1907, inclusive, with the exception of 1906, when it was made December 1. The statements are as follows: 1885, $1,872,340,557.14; 1886, $1,783,438,-697.78; 1887, $1,664,461,336.33; 1888, $1,680,917,-706.23; 1889, $1,617,372,419.63; 1890, $1,549,206,-120.49; 1891, $1,546,967,695.61; 1892, $1,563,612,-455.63; 1893, $1,549,556,353.63; 1894, $1,626,154,-037.60; 1895, $1,717,481,779.90; 1896, $1,785,412,-440.00; 1897, $1,808,777,643.40; 1898, $1,964,837,-130.90; 1899, $2,092,686,024.42; 1900, $2,132,373,-031.17; 1901, $2,151,585,743.89; 1902, $2,175,246,-168.89; 1903, $2,218,383,772.89; 1904, $2,304,697,-418.64; 1905, $2,293,846,382.94; 1906, $2,429,370,-043.54; 1907, $2,492,231,518.54.

BADGER HIDES.

Will you tell how to tan badger hides?—R. F. Campbell, Nebr.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about ½ ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply, in the same manner as before, a mixture of 1 ounce of salsoda, ½ ounce of borax and 2 ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve 4 ounces alum, 8 ounces salt and 2 ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. H. M., Middlesex, Pa.: W. H. Taft is a member of the Unitarian church, and W. J. Bryan is a member of the Presbyterian church.

A. J. H., Veterans' Home, Cal.: George B. McClellan is eligible to the office of president of the United States.

J. C. Robe rts,Ill.: Whom do you want a sketch of? There was never a president named Stevenson.

W. M. L., Fork Vale, Tenn.: It is impossible for us to give the statistics you request.

J. W. B., Lebanon Junction, Ky.: The days and nights are exactly equal on March 21st and September 23d.

As in the Middle Ages.

Buffalo Express.

The cholera epidemic is showing the wretched incompetency of the Russian government even more glaringly than did the war with Japan. In one of the hospitals it was found that three bathrooms were doing service for 300 patients. One can readily believe the added statement that the death rate in this hospital was very large. The market places are described as being in a very filthy condition, and nothing has been done as yet to have them cleared. The deadhouses are overcrowded and corpses lie unburied.

St. Petersburg is, in fact, as much a medieval city in its sanitary condition as in its government, and the plague which has fallen upon it is likely to be no less terrible than were the famous epidemics which swept over western Europe in the Middle Ages.

THE SINGING PARSON

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

"The Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting.'"

The clergyman's voice was filled with reverence when he pronounced the benediction of the marriage service which bound in a single path the lives of the young man and woman kneeling before him. He held his hands over their heads in silent blessing for a moment.

"That is all," he said bending to assist the bride to a standing position.

"Thankie, Parson," the groom intervened. "Rosie's some spry and so am I. Put your hand on my shoulder, Rosie. Hep! Now, up we go!"

Together they sprang to their feet, with the buoyancy of strength and youth's suppleness.

"A bit solemn, that talk you gave us, Parson," said Jim, trying to speak carelessly, though he was wiping his eyes with a huge, red silk handkerchief.

Rosie's eyelashes were tipped with tears, which Jim, made prideful by his sense of possession, brushed away ostentatiously with the big, red handkerchief.

"Can't ye give us a few words outer your own head, instead of the book?" asked Jim.

The clergyman, understanding the man he had to deal with, knew that Jim wanted words that struck home in a homely fashion, something that sounded like the straight-from-the-shoulder talks he was in the habit of hearing from the Parson. He hesitated, reluctant to add anything of his own to the beautiful service he had just finished reading. Then, deciding to make the marriage still more impressive, he turned to Jim, with the look on his face the other had learned to recognize as "meaning business."

"Jim," he began, in a resonant voice, "if a man once finds the right woman, there should never be another right woman. Understand?"

"Yessir," Jim answered, respectfully.

"Now," he continued, "you are responsible for your wife's happiness. It depends upon how you treat her. Don't forget to let her know you love her—love her through sorrow, adversity, and through whatever may happen you call trouble, and mind you, love her if you reach prosperity, which I think is frequently the greatest test of love. Let there be none other but her, so long as ye both shall live, Jim Wister," he warned.

Jim took fire from his earnestness.

"I'll be square, Parson; you hear me, 'fore God I'll be square."

"And you, Rosie?" the clergyman questioned, turning to the bride.

Her face was irradiated with a heavenly loveliness.

"Jim knows," she answered, moving closely to his side.

"You bet, Jim knows," her husband declared. "Parson," he continued, holding Rosie safe in his protecting arms, "you're the only man living that can kiss the bride. I'm going to be square, and so is Rosie, but for this once you can kiss the bride."

The parson, at first a little embarrassed by this unexpected privilege, bent from his tall height to press his lips against Rosie's blushing cheek. "Never forget to be happy," he said. "God bless you."

Jim was a little oppressed by the silence that followed, and it was a relief to his mind when they heard the town band, noiselessly assembled outside, fall lustily upon a popular tune, play it with variations, and bring it to a discordant climax with a crash of drums and a blare of brass.

"They've found us out, Rosie," he said, smiling his pleasure.

Again the brasses, now subdued, began playing softly, "Home, Sweet Home," to which was added the tremolo of flute and piccolo to express deep feeling. The tears ran down Rosie's cheeks at this tender reminder of the home that was ready and waiting for their coming, and Jim's big, red handkerchief was once more brought into requisition.

"Guess we'll be going now," he said. "Just wait a jiffy, Rosie, while I bring in the parson's fee. It ain't exactly a regulation fee, but I guess, Parson, you'll find him some handy."

Jim was absent but a short time when he returned, dragging at the end of a rope fastened to his collar a shambling and reluctant puppy.

"He's just plain dawg, and not much of a looker," Jim explained. "But you'll find him all there when it comes to lovin'. He's a mighty smart pup, too. His name is Snowball, according to his color," he said, unmindful of the dog's soiled condition.

The puppy, hearing himself thus flatteringly described, pricked up intelligent ears and slanted a lively tail. The parson snapped his fingers at him encouragingly, whereupon the dog lunged forward, and catching the parson's hand in his milk white teeth, shook it with pretended ferocity.

"You'll get along all right," Jim cried delightedly. "As I told you, he ain't no particular breed, but he's a mighty fine plain pup. You're welcome to him, Parson, and you'll find him good company," he said, graciously, handing the restraining rope to the dog's new owner.

"Maybe you'd better tie him up. He's some fond of me and might take a streak to foller. He'll be all right with you; 'most anyone would, Parson," he added as a final tribute.

With their arms about each other, Jim and Rosie took their departure. When the puppy saw Jim going, he pulled against the rope and set up a howl of anguish. Jim called back more severely than he felt: "You shut up, you Snowball, and settle down in your happy home. The Parson'll do right by you. He's square, and you're in luck to be his pup."

The puppy dropped in a loose heap on the floor, and, with his head between his fore paws, looked at the Parson appealingly.

"It's all right, Snowball," he said assuringly. "Nice old fellow, want to go to bed?"

Snowball jumped to his feet and raced about the room, stopping now and then to bark excitedly.

"All right, all right," repeated the Parson. "I guess we're getting acquainted. I'm getting your bed ready as fast as I can; keep cool, keep cool."

Regardless of his scanty wardrobe, he took a coat from its nail and threw it down in a corner of the room.

"Hey, there, boy," he called; "there's a bed as is a bed, for you."

He pointed to the coat, to which the puppy retired immediately. After scratching the coat in order to arrange it to his mind, and making several turns of his body, he disjointed himself and curled his body into a ball. With his nose tucked comfortably under one of his paws, he went calmly to sleep.

The Parson examined him with a puzzled look.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you, but I guess we'll manage some way," he thought.

The Parson was a tall, well-built man; deep-lunged and brown-faced from much out-door living. He was a wholesome "Praise ye the Lord" sort of a man, fearless of danger, and with a physical prowess which won him respect and admiration. Believing he heard the call from the wilderness, he had left the fashionable city church of which he was rector. He left, too, with the smooth of life, his title: The Reverend John Marvin, to become simply "the Parson," when he cast his lot in rough places and with Godless people.

He was a man who had lived many scenes in the human story. In his years of wandering as a missionary clergyman he had learned well the jumbling way of the world with its death-beds and new-filled cradles; mothers and widows; sickness and sin and sorrow; lovers and weary old men; hearts lost and left; despair and misery. It was seldom that great happiness crossed his path. Happiness feels not the need of spiritual consolation, and his mission was to console, to aid the needy, and to lift up the fallen.

He was like a great light, leading the way through the darkness. It was characteristic of him to expect to meet the best in human beings, and usually to end by getting it, though often he was first met with antagonism and repulsion.

As Jim had called him, he was a "square man," and, wherever he was known, when his name was spoken, kind thoughts arose, and voices were hushed to listen for the hymn with which he heralded his coming:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

The people among whom he labored came to call him "The Singing Parson." He loved the wonderful old world so heavy with drama; he loved life in the open and joyed in the sweep of land and sky. His good works were tempered with discretion, and he had the divine sense of humor which brings a smile when tears are impending. He was a hunter of souls who had fought and won many battles.

Jim had been an opposing warrior, who derided and defied the Parson, until his love for Rosie softened his hardness and brought about a complete surrender. In Jim the Parson possessed a loyal friend, follower and defender. He went frequently to their home, where he received attention to his comfort that rested him when he was worn and wearied. He had stayed longer in the place where Jim and Rosie lived than he usually remained in any community. Snowball had become his shadow, and the Parson and his "dawg" were familiar figures in the circuit they traveled. Since he had been presented as a marriage fee, Snowball had grown into one of those great, hulking dogs, whose shoulders heave with muscle when he walks and whose legs have the appearance of breaking under him when he sits down. The Parson loved the dog and received from him a devotion that was more than human.

It was at Jim's home that he met Jim's sister, Gertrude, come into the western country from the east to visit her brother. It was only in his clerical capacity the Parson considered women, but Gertrude was apart from all others. She brought to his memory the life he had forsaken, and, for which he had sometimes longed. His eyes followed her while she moved about the room assisting Rosie with her household duties.

She was tall in height, and had the strong throat and the long arms of Rossetti's women. She carried about her the air of refinement and culture. With her came visions of the books and the music he had loved so well. She knew and loved them too, he soon discovered. He went often to the home of Jim and Rosie, drawn there by the presence of Gertrude, though he was unconscious of the comment and speculation his frequent visits were causing.

Jim remarked privately to his wife, that he believed there was "something doing" between Gertrude and the Parson. And Rosie responded by throwing her arms around his neck and exclaiming: "Wouldn't it be lovely!"

The Parson awakened to the truth of affairs one evening, and knew whither he was drifting. He could not ask a woman like Gertrude to share the wanderings of an itinerant preacher. He might retrace his steps and return to what he had surrendered. His church had never ceased calling him to come, but he could not play the craven, and forsake the purpose to which he believed himself consecrated. And then, he did not know that Gertrude's feeling for him was

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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SEPTEMBER WATCH PREMIUM.

G. Cornish, New London, Wis., sent The Blade the largest club during the month of September, 115 names. He is therefore entitled to the premium watch.

Governor Haskell has lost his chance of winning the prize mule to be given away by Mr. Bryan.

Young Theodore Roosevelt is going to learn a trade. It won't hurt him, and may do the trade some good.

All countries have unpleasant things t worry them. Russia has the cholera and we have the campaign.

It might be well for persons who pray for rain to specify whether they prefer it with or without a strong wind.

Unlike Mr. Kern, Mr. Bryan would be too careful to lose any railroad passes if he had any in his possession.

Who says stump speaking doesn't make votes? Both Taft and Bryan have won the West by their spellbinding.

The airship may one day become a joy forever, but up to date the kind that is a thing of beauty has not been built.

As a campaign of elimination that of 1908 bids fair to find a prominent place in the political history of the country.

Archbold says those letters were stolen. This goes to confirm the general belief that they were not written for publication.

A sweetly solemn thought comes to us o'er and o'er, viz.: We're one day nearer the campaign end than we ever were before.

October is a beautiful and inspiring month, as it must needs be to measure up to all the sweet poetry that has been written about it.

Hips have gone out of style, it is said. But won't it be dangerous to take them off during a season subject to sudden changes of weather?

English suffragettes announce that they will fight "to the bitter end." That is the way General Kuropatkin fought the Japanese.

Are the proper persons looking after the seating capacity of the carriage in which President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are to ride March 4, 1909?

Mr. Debs is quoted as saying that he is not fitted for the presidency, and sometimes he talks like a man who doesn't know anybody who is.

During the past four or five months 240,000 freight cars have been put to work. Loafing around isn't good for a freight car, just as it isn't good for man.

The jungle animals of Africa should not get the comforting idea in their heads that President Roosevelt will be content to simply write them letters.

It has always been maintained that a cat might look at a king. And now anyone in America can send a letter to King Edward for the small sum of two cents.

John C. Busby, P. M., athlete, weather prophet and astronomer, of Independence, Iowa, sends in a prediction of a warm winter. Thanks, John, come again.

The Countess of Yarmouth's title cost her considerable money, but she has thrown it on the scrap heap, and henceforth will be known as Mrs. Copeley Thaw.

"Why does the rooster crow when the hen lays the egg?" asks a bright young newspaper man of the South. Our guess is that it is because he is a rooster.

It has been said that a sucker is born every minute. However, let nobody put the infant state of Oklahoma down as a newly-born sucker on Governor Haskell's account.

Mr. Bryan says he has heard some good reports from Iowa. Can it be that he has heard how the people of that state all joined hands and circled around Taft?

One of these fine mornings, when President Roosevelt decides that the time has come to smash another tradition, he will announce a few dates on the political stump.

Two-cent postage to Great Britain is now in effect, and women who have friends in England will take advantage of the reduced rates because of its resemblance to a bargain day.

Young Theodore Roosevelt is going to earn $6 a week making carpets, which would seem much better than sitting on the back steps of the White House, whittling a pine stick.

There will be some surprise at Mr. Taft's lack of generosity. It is the usual custom among Republican presidential candidates to allow Mr. Bryan to be elected during the early weeks of October.

Some sort of an animal with teeth seventeen inches long has been reported from Africa. Possibly you have in mind a distinguished person who will perform a little dental work on the mouth of that animal in 1909.

AN AMENDMENT.

Albert J. Beveridge, in an address delivered at Valley City, N. D., pronounced William Jennings Bryan an idealist. This was very nice and polite of Mr. Beveridge, and undoubtedly the Democratic candidate for the presidency will be very much pleased about it. Calling a man an idealist is something like terming a woman very striking—complimentary and not the least committal.

But we think the word, as applied to Mr. Bryan, has one letter too long. It ought to be ideaist, a presentable and descriptive word, even if Mr. Webster doesn't give it a place in his thirty-pound book. For if ever an American ran to ideas, large and gaudy, small and endearing, medium-sized and mediocre, it was Bryan. He has turned out ideas as a button factory turns out buttons. They have been issued by the yard, by the pound, by the mile, and the long ton. As for the quality of the ideas, that is another story. Some people consider it very satisfactory and worthy, altering their views, though, to suit the altered views of their ideaist. Others, and they are thought to be in the majority this year as in the past, don't approve at all.

Still no one should measure a man with words. The only true way is by works.

DISCOURAGING SUICIDE.

There is nothing like a little physical distress to drive away morbid emotions. The son of a sturdy Brooklyn tailor learned this when he tried to hang himself last Friday. It appears the youth was despondent over his failure to get employment, or over a dampening of his affections, or something along that line, he wasn't quite certain. All he would swear to was that he had entertained a desire to die and have done with the whole cruel business.

So he went to the cellar and fixed up a rope for the final shuffling off. The robust tailor aforementioned suspected something and went down to investigate. He beheld his offspring preparing to spring off a barrel. In two leaps he had the youngster by the neckband of the coat and then he began to apply his boot. He did it so effectually that the young man shortly landed in a cell with a charge against him of attempted suicide. In the police court the next morning he said he was sorry and that he had no wish any longer to get rid of himself. Neither lack of work nor lovesickness could ever after cast a blight on his joy in living. He intended to get the most out of life that he could, weather and the police permitting.

There have been many other instances of a revival of interest through muscular aches. A very weary millionaire of New York a few years ago announced his intention of quitting the world. He was advised to try a little manual exertion for what ailed him. He obtained a job as a laborer for the New York Central railroad and within a fortnight had a knockdown fight with an Italian navvy who tried to steal his dinner pail. A month or two later he left New York to take a job as a surveyor's lineman on some tunnel work in the west. He had begun to taste life and would as soon have ventured on suicide as have poisoned his grandmother.

Unhealthy thoughts have usually some relation to the physical well-being of a person. Good, brisk exercise keeps the body in tone and the brain thinking cleanly thoughts. Probably the woodpile would be more to the purpose than a lecture in most of the cases that come before the "cheer up" bureau of the Salvation Army.

HAY IN TABLOID.

The craze for tabloid foods has gone so far in Holland that experimentalists there are afflicting the horses with it. It is claimed that a condensed "horse-bread" has been invented which has many times the value of ordinary oats and hay in furnishing nourishment. It will prove not only a saving in time for an animal, but will serve to preserve his teeth, inasmuch as he won't have to use them so much.

It would be interesting to get the views of any horse thus tested as to that substitute for good grass and grain. If Jack London were only available he could doubtless secure an interview. Dr. Long, the other nature expert, might also give a clew to the attitude of horseflesh.

These tabloid people have missed the point about the question of eating. Their eyes are fastened upon producing an invention and they fail entirely to see the philosophy in getting outside of steaks and pies. The joy of eating is not nearly so much in having food in the stomach as it is in the process of putting it there. A detachment of the Seventh cavalry was sent out of Fort Reno a few years ago to test an emergency ration. There was a little can for every trooper, containing condensed breakfasts, dinners and suppers to last throughout the day. According to all the scientific formula there was more food value in each of the cannisters than in a whole series of meals at a rich man's table. Before the squadron returned to the garrison, and it came back hale and hearty, looking the perfection of health, the soldiers were chewing at their saddle leathers and declaring they were starving to death. The body requires not only food, but the feeling of having food. And here is where the tabloid system fails. It gives no sense of repletion; only a void.

The Dutch horses are having their sorrows.

SPREADING TROUBLE.

The journey of the great Atlantic fleet to foreign climes has not been fruitful of banquets and souvenirs and good wishes alone. There is a dark side. We have impressed the nations to our south and are shortly to take up the work to the east, but when the vessels are home and their collection of barnacles is being examined in the yards of Newport and Brooklyn, they may take time from pluming themselves at Washington and count the woes they have spread about the earth.

The visit to Brazil awakened an ambition to own a navy, and the Brazilians, having nothing slow about them, ordered a squadron of Dreadnoughts. Then Argentina, compelled to protect itself against Brazil, begins to plan the construction of a fleet. Chili, which sold her vessels through a treaty arrangement with the Argentine Republic, must fall into line. Shortly we may hear word of the sort from Peru and Ecuador. The visit to Australia has brought forth an agitation for a home navy, and divorce entirely from the dependence on England for coast protection.

What will be the news after the arrival in Japanese waters and the calls at Mediterranean ports?

CAMPAIGN CLAIMS.

A period should be set aside before every election day, corresponding to the times for registration, for the filing of claims. In this way the wildcat claims, or the irregular and unbranded, could be eliminated from the general consideration, and time and thought concentrated only on the legally responsible.

As an example of the mavericks snorting around on the public domain, take the claims of the Democrats that the states of the Pacific coast are roped, thrown and hog-tied. They are waiting only on the official hour fixed by law to apply the iron. California, they say, is safe for Bryan from the Sweetwater Dam to Haystack Butte, from Sausalito to Dutch Flat. It can't get away, they aver. It is corraled like an Oklahoma politician whose correspondence has fallen into unfriendly hands.

Oregon, according to the claimants, is as Democratic as it could be without adopting the jackass as the state seal. The enthusiasm in that section is so strong that the local party leaders are almost ready to bet on its going their way. If they get many more encouraging dispatches, they don't know but what they will invite a few non-gambling wagers, say at one to twelve. They like Bryan in Oregon, it seems, having heard that he is much interested in a proposed federal law for the guarantee of fish bait.

Washington feels very much the same way. It abhors the Republican party for several reasons, one of them being the position taken by Mr. Roosevelt as regards the duty on wheat cakes, a local industry being threatened, of course, by the advocacy of tariff revision. Jim Hill, who has a railroad which runs through the breadth of Washington, doesn't approve of the Roosevelt policies, considering them a menace to commerce and the constitution. While he has not committed himself, it is felt that he will vote the Democratic ticket at the polls and will ask his friends in Washington, numbering several heads, to do the same.

In the year 1896, Bryan carried Washington, lost Oregon and took one electoral vote in nine in California. In 1900 he failed to get a single one of the Pacific states. At the following national election Parker fared as well in that tier of states.

Optimism is a good thing. It helps a heap in making the world run smoothly and cheerfully. So, too, does political optimism serve as a stimulant to good nature. One cannot help, when reading the Democratic claims out on the coast, but smile. Refreshing jokes are as scarce as piety at a prize fight.

A HOBO CONVENTION.

The Hobos met in a four days' convention in New York last week. They did not nominate a national ticket. If they had any temptations of that kind they spurned them as incompatible with the nonpartisan character of the meeting. Men of such prominence as President Roosevelt, William H. Taft, William Jennings Bryan and others were invited to address the remarkable gathering, but all had previous convenient engagements.

A hobo convention must be regarded as a social phenomenon, and all phenomena are inexplicable. The human mind is incapable of fathoming the motives, the hopes and aspirations of men who ride the "blind baggage," or struggle over dusty roads to meet those of their kind in what seems a purposeless convention. They are of a class who ride break-beams and catch glimpses of the flying panorama of golden fields, but if their heartbeats are quickened by the poetry of the view the world does not find it out. They have heard the "soft music of the village bells falling upon the ear in cadence sweet," but who knows whether the dulcet notes have thrilled their souls?

As long ago as 1755 Oliver Goldsmith, with only one clean shirt and no money in his pocket, tramped Europe. He was a hobo, but he gave to the world his thoughts; he sang, among others, that sweet song of The Deserted Village, which will live till the end of time. But there are no known warblers of either poetry or poetic prose among the hobos who convened in New York. And yet who can say they do not think grand thoughts, feel divine inspirations, or dream sweet dreams?

Is it worth while to try to solve the purposes of a hobo convention? It is a question for the sociologists to answer, meanwhile keeping in mind that many speculations of a similar character have been lost in the shadows of antiquity.

A SNAP FOR KERN.

Behold the Hon. John W. Kern tearing the lawless railroad corporations up the back; see him, in imagination, ripsnortin' and everlastingly ballyhootin' through the fair land of Indiana, warning the money devil to cease its seducing of our public servants and turning out the pockets of the C. People.

And then glance into his precious notebook.

He lost this article the other day while on a speaking tour of his state. It troubled him sorely. He was most anxious for its return, because it contained memoranda of great importance to him. In the course of time the notebook was found. Against their sense of the proprieties, the finders couldn't restrain a curiosity to learn what kind of notes a great man made. They found out all right.

For between the leaves reposed two or three annual railroad passes, one of them good until December 31, 1908, upon a subsidiary line of the Vanderbilt system, a corporation in size and influence eclipsed by few others in North America.

Pretty soft for the Democratic campaign fund. It doesn't have to pay the Hon. Mr. Kern's transportation expenses.

A GUARANTEED BANK.

Oklahoma has begun the test of its guaranteed deposit bank law. The statute by which every bank is taxed in order to protect depositors is to have labors to perform within a year after its passage by the state legislature. The National Bank of Colgate has failed, the first of the institutions whose creditors are to be benefitted by the guarantee.

This bank has an interest quite outside of that of its priority in drawing on the funds of the state to reimburse those who have lost by the closing. It is one which has been spoken of by Mr. Bryan in his advocacy of the policy of national federal guarantee. In his opinion it was an ideal bank, well conducted and flourishing by reason of the guarantee it enjoyed under the law. Yet it appears that among the loans which helped to bring the institution to the wall was one of something more than $6,000 to the president and another of about $4,600 to the cashier.

Of course the depositors will not lose. They can feel grateful to those who framed such a law. At the same time, it does not appear that there was any guarantee to the bank against failure. The creditors were just as insistent upon the payment of their claims. Business was not made so much more active that income exceeded the expenses by a safe margin. There was no assurance that the officers would not employ the funds for their own benefit rather than with an eye to the protection of their stockholders and the credit of their name.

Whatever the bank is unable to pay to save the deposits the state is to make up out of the assessments made on all the banks in the commonwealth. Every rightly conducted bank, without having any personal relations with the one at Colgate, without having shared in its profits, had there been any, comes to the relief of those who had entrusted their money therein. The ones with a sense of moral responsibility must help out the speculative, the bank which took a chance and failed to make good. If a score of banks should fail in Oklahoma in the course of any one year, the guarantee fund probably wouldn't be worth enough to start a lemonade stand at a circus. Yet all the time the bankers of that state can feel they can take greater risks, can be more careless, can seize opportunities for "fliers" in grain and stocks, all because Oklahoma has been fatherly enough to fix it so that the depositor will not lose.

ALCOHOL AND EFFICIENCY.

Is there benefit in alcohol when used moderately? If there were no such thing as drunkenness, if everyone drank, but never to excess, could the human race perceive an actual profit in health and bodily and mental vigor? Is there a small foundation of fact underlying the advertisements of the brewers in which they assert that beer is a food?

These are questions which have been put up to the pathologists who have been studying life cells and physiological processes for years, who have no personal connection with the politics of liquor, who are asked to answer purely from their scientific observations. The most succinct reply comes from the professor of pathology in Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore:

"Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable."

Dr. Henry Smith Williams in the October number of McClure's declares that experiments go to show that alcohol is not a stimulant; that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with anesthetics and narcotics. As regards the action of alcohol on the heart, the ultimate effect is to depress it, and in large doses, to paralyze it.

"The experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it," writes Dr. Smith. "Doubtless this seems at variance with a man's observation of himself. But the explanation is that alcohol blurs the judgment. As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion."

"Both science and the experience of life," says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins university, "have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase in muscular power. The disappearance of the universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of alcohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor that alcohol and effective work are incompatible."

An Edinburgh doctor of note said he had scarcely known of a death from pneumonia which was uncomplicated with alcoholism. The consumption of alcohol in France has been found to bear a direct relationship with the number of cases of tuberculosis. Out of 2,554 idiotic, epileptic, weak-minded children in a French city, more than 41 per cent had alcoholic parents.

The researchers seem to have confirmed the views held by economists and moralists for many centuries.

HARRIMAN.

The Harriman activities still keep up in spite of railroad inquiries, prosecutions and a public sentiment growing more and more intensely opposed to the concentration of great power in the hands of a single man, or a group of men acting in concert. He is as defiant of the administration as he is of the threats of state legislation. When most of those who have been labeled wealthy malefactors have fled to cover and asked only for quiet and peace, he, himself, has reached out more boldly and seized more daringly.

The secret of the Harriman trust building at such a period is not because he is a braver man than others in his trade. It is not because he is so much swifter at seizing opportunities. The truth is said to lie with his vanity. He is the kind of man who thinks that money is supreme, that it can do anything, that it can defy anything. He has been bred to this idea, trained to it from his youth. He is aware how unusually large are the sums he has accumulated, and he has enjoyed employing them to the distress of his business rivals in Wall street. The immense possessions acquired, in his opinion, have been excuse sufficient for knifing the man who gave him his start in life. He believes himself above law, above the demands of honor and gratitude, beyond the reach even of that popular resentment which has sometimes done worse than ruined men's fortunes.

As Harriman has grown richer his vanity has grown larger. It is become the greater, the predominating, part of his character. The portraits of the kodakers betray it. His writings show it in every sentence. His answers to examiners make him out the vainest of human creatures. His clash with the President is reported to have started over a remark: "Don't worry about your future, Mr. Roosevelt. I will take care of you after you are finished with this job."

How long Harriman can keep up the stringing of railroad property as a child does beads can only be guessed at. A score of suits now hang over his roads and the government is pushing them as hard as it can. He has succeeded in combating his rivals in Wall street, has crushed Stuyvesant Fish, humiliated Gould, and invited the bitter enmity of Morgan. It is not impossible that his punishment will come at their hands before the department of justice can move the slower machinery of the courts.

CORN IN OHIO.

The drouth has cost the farmers of Ohio little. The losses will be mostly to the truck gardeners and where grass and forest fires have swept into the fields. The growers of corn have, as a matter of fact, much to be thankful for. The dry spell came at the right time. The uninterrupted sunshine matured the grain to the point where it will grade the highest and bring the best prices in the market.

Not every year can be counted so lucky. Among the grain dealers and in the agricultural experiment stations it is thought that the farmers run too many chances in the state. The favorite corn in this section is the Leaming, a large ear, large berry grain. But it is a 120-day corn, the ideal for such states as Missouri and Kansas, where the frosts do not come so early and there are dependable dry winds. But in this climate a threat hangs over it constantly. Last year only about one-fourth of the grain raised in this state ripened up to grade of No. 3 yellow. There was too much moisture in the air and the frosts came early. As a result the whole winter was required to harden the corn. Contract grain did not show up in Toledo until some time in the spring, whereas that grown this year, receiving the benefit of an unbroken forty days' drouth, will probably be in the market within a month or two.

To remove the uncertainty of harvest the farmers of Ohio must drop the slow maturing, though beautiful and heavy maize. They must exercise more judgment, more shrewdness, in the selection of the seed. They are urged by those who have gone into the subject to adopt the Funk yellow dent, the Crawford yellow dent, or one of the other grades of ninety-day corn. They are not so attractive as the Leaming, but they are fitted much better, because of their swift growing qualities, to the weather conditions of Ohio. Though these grains have done very well in the valley of the Maumee there are some parts of the state where they seem to have to go through a process of acclimatization. The state agricultural college has recommended that the farmers plant small fields in the new corn and employ the seed from this growth in the succeeding seasons. The returns are then expected to justify the experiment.

This matter of seed selection is of increasing importance to the farming interests. It really amounts to choosing that which is best suited to soil and prevailing winds and weather. The Mediterranean red is considered by experts a better wheat for Ohio than the old favorite white, and the dealers are exceedingly anxious to see the white oats succeed the mixed oats throughout the state. In time, doubtless, the problem of seed and climate will be worked out more satisfactorily. It becomes the farmer's interest to keep a watchful eye on all the tests of new grain.

THE HASKELL LATEST.

If this man Haskell doesn't look out he will be getting on somebody's nerves. He wasn't unentertaining as the supporter of nine-foot bed-sheet legislation. His financial playfulness was not so bad inasmuch as he put his deals over some of the best known of the predatory rich and many thought they had something of the sort coming to them. As the voice crying the wilderness for campaign funds for his friend Bryan he was positively funny. Then he was a participant in one of the greatest sensations of the epoch and no one envied him that bright position. But as one yelping for money—public money—to help him gain vindication, that is too much.

"I not only want the moral, but also some small financial assistance of the people of Oklahoma," he tearfully writes. "Postage, paper, labor and other items of expense can only be incurred when I have the means to meet them. I am standing firmly for honest government and against graft, greed and corporate oppression. I ask assistance not in large sums, but a few thousand dollars will be enough for the start."

A singular spendthrift this Haskell must be. What has become of the Standard Oil retainers and fees and other welcomed moneys? What became of the handsome percentages for floating the bonds of the Lima & Northern and the Detroit & Lima Northern railroads, said bonds later proving worthless? Doesn't the Indianola Contracting company of Muskogee pay dividends, especially after Haskell joined the Citizens' Alliance pledged to fight union labor? Did the Prairie Oil & Gas company cross the state of Oklahoma without the payment of a penny to prevent opposition?

This plea for assistance to seek vindication was not made without reason, though. Governor Haskell has a perfect realization of the awful task that confronts him.

PROSPERITY, REFORM — AND TAFT.

There is a threat of grave peril to the nation in the present pose of indifference assumed by many so-called "independent" newspapers in the present campaign. These journals, too cowardly to oppose Taft and the Roosevelt policies, too faint-hearted to advocate the Bryan cause openly, are declaring that Bryan's election can cause no uneasiness in the industrial world because a Republican senate will tie his hands.

The nonsense of the plea is obvious. What earthly reason can there be for electing a president of so uncertain a brand that it is necessary to tie his hands? If Bryan is entitled on his record and the promise of his platform to election to the chief executiveship of the United States, then he is entitled to the absolute trust and confidence of the people. He should be given full faith and full power if he is to be given any power at all. If he should be elected, he should be elected a president, not a figurehead.

As a matter of cold fact and hard-headed reason, William Jennings Bryan is no more fitted for or entitled to the presidency today than he was in 1896 or 1900. His record makes him a presidential impossibility. The measures he advocated in his former campaigns have been proved impossible. If the Bryan theories of 1896 and 1900 had been enacted into enforced laws black disaster would have overtaken the nation. His present adherents admit as much; practically he admits the fact himself in his complete abandonment of the theories he advocated so hotly in his first two campaigns.

And the disaster that would have followed his election then would as surely follow his victory now. The recent panic has left industrial America on the tenterhooks. The business of the country is in no condition for experiments. Consider the effect on the industrial and commercial world if it were to awaken the day after election to the fact that the country has named a president whose only guarantee of safety lies in the knowledge that his hands are tied by a Republican senate.

The argument won't answer. It won't win. The man who must make a living can't afford to take such chances. With the grocery bills and the butcher bills of 365 days a year to face he can't risk government changes and government experiments that threaten to close the avenues of labor to him. Nor can he risk the block to Roosevelt reforms that would follow a deadlock between a Democratic president and a Republican congress.

There has been more reform in the affairs of the nation, more unearthing of iniquity in high places, more real progress toward better things in the last years of Republican rule than ever before in the history of the country. And the man who wants these reforms continued must and will vote for the Republican candidate.

There has been more prosperity in America, more smoking chimneys and busy mills and full dinner pails and material progress under Republican administrations than the Democratic party has ever been able to promise, much less to give. And the man who wants an honest living and a good one must and will cast his ballot for William Howard Taft.

This country is not going to turn its back on Theodore Roosevelt. It is not going to shut up its shops and mortgage its farms. It is going to elect Taft.

KERN THE BUOYANT.

If anything could console the Republicans for the possible election of the Democratic national ticket it would be the presence of John W. Kern as the president of the United States senate. This person is as hopeful as the head of his ticket is despairing. He believes in things. He has faith. Why, "Sunny Jim" Sherman is as dismal as a country funeral on a wet day in comparison with John W.

He stopped in Cincinnati the other day on his way south after a call on Michigan. He considers that Michigan is ripe for the Democrats to pick. There is a beautiful fighting chance there, he declares. The state ticket is going through, this astonishing Indiana lawyer says, and if things fall the way he is confident they will the almanacs of next year will show our northern neighbor with a political complexion after the Texas type.

When Mr. Kern was no more than nominated and not yet notified of the great honor, he made a little trip out to Iowa. He was in the state about two days, but he learned a surprising lot in that short time. When he came away he announced that there was nothing to it. The Iowans were for Bryan strong. They were wildly enthusiastic and could hardly wait until election day to cast their ballots. To say that Kern was elated is to humble the English language. On his way home he passed through Illinois, the home of that great patriot, Roger Sullivan. Illinois went into the Democratic gripsack before the distinguished traveler had shown the last conductor his pass. Indiana was, of course, solidly for the party of Haskell and Bailey because John Kern was resident in that state and, therefore, duly beloved.

There used to be an expression very popular with our grandfathers about men whose geese were all swans. Had John W. Kern lived in that picturesque age doubtless he would have credited himself with a parkful of swans. He has an eye which fits the descriptions naturalists give of certain insects' optics, it magnifies so tremendously. This is a fine possession in any man. Joseph Jefferson's father had it and was jubilant when the wagon which bore all his baggage, costumes and stagery across the ice of the Mississippi broke through, because, just there, there happened to be a sandbar. The drouth must have been simply incomparable weather to Mr. Kern. It had so many bright days and clear skies.

Confidence of this sort would restore a country from panic if anything could. Such cheer is what is needed in high quarters. Kern will be a great help to Bryan if the election goes their way. He can take the place of the Nebraskan's famous silver lining of '96.

"The Post's roosters rehearsed the grand chorus 'Victory' in fine form yesterday morning," says the Houston Post. On the morning of November 4 the cook will be ordered to work the Post's roosters into a grand potpie.

Across the Hills.

A little valley round me lies
Circled about by silent hills;
Above it sweep the silent skies,
In spring it is all daffodils—
In summer the sweetbrier grows
For those who seek; then, wistful days
Soften through autumn, till the snows
Lie white on all the quiet ways.

The many, many ways that wend
Their many paths the valley through!
I can not trace them to the end—
They stretch a little space in view
And then (ah, some are rough to tread!
But some all gently travel on
With sunlight shining overhead)
They climb the hill crest and are gone.

And by these roads, day after day,
My friends and fellows, one by one
With eyes far-searching, fare away.
So shall I do as they have done—
Some day, with swift or faltering pace
And one look backward, long and fond,
Shall climb the encircling hills, and face
The great Beyond—the great Beyond!

—Success Magazine.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

The class at kirk had been reading the story of Joseph and his brethren, and it came to the turn of the visiting minister to examine the boys.

The replies to all of his questions had been quick, intelligent and correct. Such as:

"What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit?"

"They sold their brother Joseph."

"Quite correct. And for how much?"

"Twenty pieces of silver."

"And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers?"

A pause.

"What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous?"

Then a bright little fellow stretched out an eager hand.

"Well, my man?"

"Please, sir, they sell't him ower cheap."

Riding across the country one day, says Success Magazine, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishin', sah," came the reply.

"Not getting many, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hits this-a-way, cap'n; when I gits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I doesn't have no time foh fishin'."

Everybody's Magazine tells of a woman who entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening for some time to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."

Tommy had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first-grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness, says Success.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners' door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing room, turned him over on her knee, and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.

"Didn't I tell ye to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded an Irish shopkeeper, nodding toward a sickly, emaciated cat that was slinking through the store, says Everybody's.

"Ye did thot," replied his assistant, "an' I've just been after feedin' her a pound of meat this very minute."

"Faith an' I don't believe ye. Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced at exactly one pound.

"There!" exclaimed the assistant triumphantly. "Didn't I tell ye she'd had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "That's yer pound of meat all right. But"—suddenly looking up—"where the divvil is the cat?"

When recently leasing a house in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia the lessee failed to examine closely the terms of the lease. After a time his landlord called and reminded him that he was bound to do all the outside painting at certain intervals. The tenant protested in vain; so he engaged painters and ordered them to paint the whole front of the house red, white, and blue—in stripes.

When it was finished the neighborhood rose up in arms, and the landlord was frantic. The tenant politely explained that there was nothing in the lease about the color, so he intended to finish the job by painting the back of the house green with large yellow spots. The landlord saw that he had met his match and within a few days the tenant had a new lease in which the landlord undertook to do all the outside painting.

The English spoken by the "Pennsylvania Dutch," as the inhabitants of certain districts in the eastern part of the state are popularly known, affords some rare specimens of expression. A man who was passing a small house on the outskirts of "Sou Besselem"—that is the nearest possible spelling of the local pronunciation—heard the daughter of the family calling her brother in to supper. "George," she said, "you come right in, now; pa's on the table, and ma's half et!"

Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, head worker of Hudson Guild Settlement, in New York, was lecturing some boys from the water front on the doings of Nero. He gave a vivid picture of the cruelty of the emperor, and thought that he must have fixed the idea of non-ethical deeds in the minds of his hearers. Then he began questions.

"Boys," said the teacher, what do you think of Nero?"

There was no reply, and the class moved uneasily.

"Well, O'Brien, what do you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to know him?"

No answer, and O'Brien looked longingly at the door.

"Well, wasn't Nero a bad man?"

"He never done nothin' to me," was the unexpected response, reflecting the Tammany policy of not butting in.

A new railway was being made, and, the design including a small farm, the officers of the line paid a visit to the owner, an old lady.

"Madam," said the surveyor, "we understand that you own this farm, and it is my duty to inform you that our new railway will run through your barn."

"Oh, will it?" said the lady. Well, let me tell you that the last train will have to be not later than 9 o'clock, because you'll not catch me sitting up after that to open the doors for it or anything else. So mind."

Varieties

The Russians invented wood pavin for streets.

The German empire consumes $3,000 tons of tobacco a year.

By the use of liquid air a soap bub ble may be frozen solid.

New York city has added 4,100,00 to its population in the last century

The first submarine boat was trie in Plymouth harbor, England, in 17

John W. Kern is held a defender gambling in Indiana by former Attor ney General Miller.

New York city is consuming a glas and a half of beer now to each glas consumed four years ago.

Newfoundland's fishery outlook r season is unfavorable. Many schoone have returned because of poor fishin

Owing to long douth Septemb proves unprofitable month to fire in surance companies, losses being $1 000,000 above average.

In New York city considerably mor than one-half of all the people, about 2,800,000 persons, have deposi in the savings banks.

Ethel Barrymore in an interview St. Louis says American elite socie is composed of useless, brainless, sa fish and purposeless beings.

New York city's Bronx Zoologic Garden has more additions to its co lection of animals by birth than an other such garden in the world.

Walter Wellman says present indic tions are that Taft will carry Ne York by a relatively small plurali but that Governor Hughes will b beaten.

Two masked men commit a dari series of robberies at Slater, Iowa, a one is captured and confesses, sayi the other got away with nearly all t loot.

The carrot grows spontaneous throughout Europe, Asia Minor, Si beria, northern China, Abyssinia, nort ern Africa, Madeira and the Canar Islands.

A New York tradesman of long e perience says that the hardest perso to collect bills from are those w have no money and those who have great deal of money.

The largest town clock in the wor is in the tower of Glasgow Universit The hammer weighs 120 pounds, t pendulum 300 pounds, and the wh clock about a ton and a half.

One great factor in the high pric of provisions in New York city is t necessity of supporting an increasin army of middlemen who stand betwe the producer and the consumer.

Winnipeg is trying to lessen t city's supply of sewer gas by leadi pipes from the sewers through street lamps, which, when lighted, d stroy vast quantities of the noxio gas each night.

Under the name of liconite, a com pound of bitumen and certain oil being manufactured in Holland, whi has all the properties of rubber wit out any of that material entering i its composition.

From one day's observation of f points of greatest vehicle congesti on Manhattan island it was learn that there are sixty-three horse-dra and thirty-seven power-driven vehicl in each one hundred.

That America is in the lead in t world war on tuberculosis is admitt by foreign delegates to the inter tional congress in Washington, a New York's work is given spec praise.

The largest lump of anthracite co ever mined recently was taken from mine in the Panther creek valley Pennsylvania. It weighs seven to and will be placed in a museum, eith in Philadelphia or Boston.

A representative of the French go ernment has been investigating t clothing manufacturing industry in the United States. He says Ameri excels in the art, and particularly the ready-made branch.

Weaving the wires for a great su pension bridge is slow work that r quires the utmost care. This work f the new Manhattan bridge has j been begun and nearly a year will consumed in completing it.

So sure is a promotor of Wilb Wright's ultimate success that he h ordered the construction of fifty aer planes, according to the Wright mod thus performing in advance the co tract which gives the Ohioan $100,0 for French rights.

A combination of a lump of soap the size of a hickory nut, a pint boiling water and four tablespoonfu of turpentine is the familiar soluti used to transfer newspaper cuts another piece of paper or to cloth.

Partnership for mutual advanta was observed on Friday afterno when two one-legged men went int Broadway automatic shoe-shining sh and each had his one shoe shined the same nickel dropped in the slot.

A cheap yet durable pavement h been laid by the city of Manke Mich., consisting of a mixture crushed fine stone, gravel and tar, to dressed with cement and sand. It c only 80 cents a linear foot, thirty f wide.

A recent discovery in the chemi world was a liquid preparation to p vent the bottom of ships from rust or gathering marine growths, though the secret was known to t Romans, it was lost about 600 ye ago.

There is not one-twentieth as mu Mocha coffee sold in New York c according to the label, as there w before we had a pure food law. N coffee sellers must tell the truth ab their wares, and only coffee grown Yeman, in the southern part of Arab can be called "Mocha."

Thirty widely known clergymen a 1,300 communicants of the Protest Episcopal church have petitioned Bis Ozi W. Whitaker against "the open pit," but he refused to act, saying that is fully persuaded that the amendme is in no sense an infringement upon fundamental law of the church.

Makers of artificial flowers in New Y city are receiving an unusual number orders from all parts of the country the fall and winter trade. Most of supply for the nation comes from N York, where more money is spent for manufacture of imitation flowers than any other city in the world.

A pamphlet recently issued by Andr Murray gives a brief survey of missi south of the Zambesi. There are 21 diff ent missionary organizations at w ministering to over 10,000,000 people. student volunteer movement in So Africa has put 84 young missionaries the field since 1896.

Siam has recently passed a law giv women the right to vote in certain ca While this may seem an extraordina step for an Oriental people the Siam women themselves explain that it is teaching of Buddhism. They point that Buddhism preaches the equality the sexes and gives equal education boys and girls.

Sometimes Italian courts work painful slowness. A man named Pie who has been in prison in Italy awai trial on a charge of murder since Sept ber, 1870, is about to face the jury. first hearing of the case was interrup by the founding of the kingdom of It Then the presiding magistrate and of the principal witnesses died, and matter dropped out of official notice.

A tunnel more than a mile in leng said to be the longest in existence use by a municipal electric railway, been opened for operation by the Ge street railway. It connects Genoa w the adjacent large commune of Rivar which previously was reached by circ the mountain, the distance being shortened one and one-third miles, and trip is made in 15 minutes' less time. C struction began June 1, 1905.

Western Ireland was recently exci over a particularly clear mirage s near Ballyconnelly, a town on the Connemara coast. The spectacle o beautifully situated small town, w buildings of different sizes and vary styles of architecture, was seen rising of the sea apparently about six or se miles westward. Hundreds gathered witness the sight, which was visible fr 3 until

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2440—Ladies' Shirt Waist. The model here illustrated was developed in Hunters' green flannel. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2285—Ladies' Tucked Waist, with seven-eighths length sleeves. White batiste with trimmings of fine white lace insertion and edging, make this a charming model for afternoon wear. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2212—Child's Coat. Cheviot, broadcloth or Venetian cloth, are excellent materials for this model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2462—Girls' and Child's Nightgown. With high or Dutch neck, and long or short sleeves. Nainsook, batista, Persian Lawn, flannel or flannelette are all adaptable to this little model. 8 sizes—2 to 16 years.

2280—Ladies' Fifteen-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at Center-back seam and side-plaits below the hip at the other seams. The model here illustrated was developed in dark blue serge, although it is equally adaptable to almost any material that suits the wearer's fancy. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2442—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. An excellent model for taffetas, voile or serge. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2567—Ladies' Tucked Dressing Sack, with elbow sleeves, figured percale, challis or lawn, make up charmingly in this little negligee. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

1762—Misses' and Girls' Cooking Outfit, consisting of apron, oversleeves and cap. Any of the checked ginghams, lawn or percale develop well in this set. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

2577—Ladies' Norfolk Jacket in 28-inch length. Any of the mixed worsteds, cheviot or broadcloth are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2200—Boys' Overcoat. Any of the woolen materials are adaptable to this stylish little coat. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2410—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with kimono armholes and long or three-quarter length sleeves. An excellent model for heavy linen or Madras. 5 sizes—32 to 40.

2388—Misses' Sailor Blouse, with kimono armholes, removable shield and long or three-quarter length sleeves. Dark blue serge makes this a charming model for the young girl. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2406—Ladies' Tailored Shirt or Shirtwaist, with or without yoke facing. Flannel, heavy linen or Madras are the best materials for this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2176—Girls' Dress, with three-quarter length sleeves. Shepherd's plaid is used for the development of this neat little school dress. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2544—Girls' and Child's dress, with high or Dutch neck and long or three-quarter sleeves. Heavy linen, mohair or thin serge are all adaptable to this charming little frock. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2566—Misses' Two-Piece Circular Skirt, closing with buttons down left side of front and having an inverted box-plait at center back seam. A good model which will develop well in any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2205—Ladies' Fifteen-Gored Double Box-Plaited Skirt. The model here illustrated was developed in black voile and trimmed with black soutache braid. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2424—Ladies' Kimono Wrapper and Sack, with long or three-quarter length sleeves. Develops well in cotton crepe or challis. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2543—Ladies' Circular Petticoat Drawers. Nainsook, Persian lawn, batiste, jaconet or Canton flannel are all adaptable to this model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2674—Boys' Norfolk Suit, consisting of a box-plaited jacket with or without the yoke and knickerbockers. Developed in blue serge. This is a neat model for the schoolboy. 5 sizes—8 to 16 years.

2497—Girls' Four-Button Cutaway Coat, in seven-eighth length, serge, cheviot, tweed or broadcloth are all adaptable to this little coat. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2237—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in three-quarter length. Cheviot, broadcloth, Venetian cloth or tweed with lapels faced with black taffetas or velvet. This is a charming model to wear as a separate coat or as part of a costume. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2280—Girls' Jumper Dress with guimpe. Shepherd's plaid, with guimpe of dotted Swiss, make this a charming little model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1657—Girls' Suspender Dress, with guimpe and plaited skirt. Made of serge in any pretty color with guimpe of white albatross, makes this a charming little model for school wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

OUSTED BY PRESIDENT

Port Huron Collector Held Perniciously Active in Politics.

Washington, Oct. 3.—As the result of a report made by the civil service commission, President Roosevelt late yesterday removed Lincoln Avery, collector of the port at Port Huron, Mich., and also directed the removal of Chas. H. Dailey, special agent of the treasury at that place. The civil service commission found proof of charges of serious violations of the rules and regulations in regard to campaign assessments, and which also involved, on the part of Special Agent Dailey, "pernicious activity in politics."

Officials "Surprised."

Port Huron, Mich., Oct. 3.—"I do not feel disposed to make any lengthy statement until I have seen and read the full report on the investigation," said Collector of Customs Lincoln Avery last night, when told that the President had ordered his dismissal.

"While I do not claim to have been perfect, I have always tried to conduct the affairs of my department in a manner calculated to receive the commendation of the department at Washington, rather than its censure. I can say that I have been in no way whatever connected with any political assessments, nor have I had personal knowledge of any, and for that reason I am surprised at the action of the President."

Charles A. Dailey, special agent here for the United States treasury department, whose removal from office is directed by the President's order, said: "I hav not taken much part in this investigation for the reason that it was conducted by the civil service commission, and in my positon I do not come under civil service. For that reason I fail to understand their action in my case. Just as soon as I receive official notification, I intend to take action, but just what that will be I decline to state at this time."

KOCH'S THEORY WRONG

Berlin Scientist's Views Are Challenged by Solid Array of Delegates.

Washington, Oct. 3.—A conference of the active workers in the bacteriology of tuberculosis was held behind closed doors yesterday for the exchange of views concerning the relation of human and bovine tuberculosis and the transmissibility of the latter to human beings. The result of the congress was to organize a sort of informal commission of international scope, to settle as soon as the progress of science permits, the relation of bovine tuberculosis to the tuberculosis of man.

Children in Danger.

There was general agreement that bovine tuberculosis may be transmitted to human beings, especially children, in whom the disease takes the form of either intestinal tuberculosis or tuberculosis of cervical or mesenteric lymph gland. The only essential difference of opinion among the various workers related to the relative frequency with which this occurs, Prof. Robert Koch maintaining that it seldom happened, while other observers argued from their own observations that it was not infrequent.

The subject was referred for further investigation in which Prof. Koch himself promised to take part during the next two or three years.

The theory of Koch that the tubercle bacilli of bovine tuberculosis are different from those of human tuberculosis was challenged by the solid array of American veterinarian delegates. Today's discussion did not, however, by any means, close the controversy, and doubtless it will be waged indefinitely with the scene shifting from the platform to the medical publications of the world.

Two Millions Needed.

Dr. Koch called attention to the establishment of a foundation named after the discoverer of the tuberculosis bacillus, "Stiftung," growing out of the international crusade against the disease. The object is to aid scientific work in the crusade by raising funds for investigation. These investigations were found too costly for ordinary laboratories to undertake. He pleaded for $2,000,000 as the amount necessary to enable such an institution to properly carry its work.

Free Trial Deafness Cure.

To prove that deafness should be cured without the use of dangerous drugs, the Actina Appliance Co. will send to all applying at once a free trial of the wonderful Actina, which can be used at home by anyone without interference with their duties. Write the Actina Appliance Co., 304 Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

TO COURT MARTIAL EVANS

Admiral's Son Will Face the Charge of Drunkenness.

Manila, Oct. 3.—Admiral Evans' son is to be court martialed for drunkenness.

Lieutenant Frank Taylor Evans, the admiral's only son, and formerly a member of his staff, is attached to the Louisiana. He is charged with intoxication, absence from his station while officer of the deck and using profane and disrespectful language to a superior officer.

NEVIUS OUT OF POLITICS.

Resigns as Prosecutor to Give All Time to Army.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 2.—That he may be in a position to give all his time to the duties of commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to which office he was elected at the Toledo encampment, Henry F. Nevius has resigned as prosecutor of Monmouth county.

CARELESSNESS CAUSE OF FIRES COSTING MILLIONS

Forest Officers Find Conflagrations Partly Due to Indifference and Lack of Ordinary Precaution, and Tell How to Check Flames.

Washington, Oct. 3.—A telegram received from Raymond W. Pullman, of the forest service, who is in Minnesota investigating forest fire conditions, estimates the loss in the Hibbing and Chisholm districts at from five to ten million dollars. Since then heavy rains have checked the fires.

"These Minnesota forest fires are due to a combination of bad conditions, local indifference, and the lack of thoroughly effective protection," said Smith Riley, chief inspector of the national forest district, which includes the Minnesota national forest, who is in Washington after a trip through the fire region.

"Of course, after a prolonged drought the woods are very inflammable, and fires are sure to come. The only way to keep them down is to put them out quickly wherever they start. This is the method used by the forest officers on the national forests. Forest officers are constantly on the watch, and at the first sign of a fire they rush to get it out. In this they are assisted by the local population, which has come to realize the importance of preventing fires.

Minnesotans Are Careless.

"In Minnesota there seems to be little sentiment against fires which do not threaten settlements or valuable standing timber. The state has a fire warden system, but it is inadequate to cope with fires, as has just been experienced. Bear in mind that nearly all the pine country of the lake states has been cut and burned over, so that it is either brush land or inferior timber, of which no one takes much account. Consequently no one is interested.

"I, when I was in Minnesota a few days ago, saw several of these fires which were due to carelessness of campers in leaving their fires unextinguished. The whole country was overhung with a pall of smoke, and the woods were like tinder. Yet parties moving through the wilderness would leave their camping places on the shores of the lakes without taking the trouble to see that the campfires were put out.

"Other fires which I saw were the result of brush burning by farmers, and still others had started from railroads. These are mostly the causes of forest fires—carelessless in the use of fire by sportsmen, camping parties and others in the woods, brush burning, and locomotive sparks They will always have to be reckoned with, and the fire problem is how to reckon with them.

Fire Patrol Necessary.

"Fire patrol during the dangerous season is absolutely necessary in forested regions if fires are to be kept down. In regions of heavy timber the owners maintain a patrol system of their own. But from the point of view of the future the greatest need is to keep fires out of cut-over lands, which the owners are generally unable or unwilling to protect. The fires on such lands are not spectacular, yet as they run over the ground they kill every little seedling, and so make impossible a future forest.

"The forested states ought to find it worth while to protect this form of property, just as cities protect city property through their fire departments. A well organized state system can be made of great educational value, as well as furnishing a means of attacking fires after they start by teaching the indifferent that small fires are dangerous and enforcing regulations against careless use of fire. Education is far more effective than laws and penalties."

AUTO OF DEATH RUNS AWAY

Man Killed and Woman Hurt in Brooklyn Accident.

New York, Oct. 3.—Edward Ryan, of Brooklyn, was killed and Miss Josephine Wagner probably fatally hurt when they were struck by a big touring car which tore through Livingston street, Brooklyn, early today, while they were on their way home from an entertainment.

The driver of the big car, which was occupied by several men and women, turned on power and sped away. A few minutes later a big car occupied by several men was held up at Brooklyn bridge and the occupants arrested.

STUMPING PLAN DENIED

"Roosevelt Has No Present Intention of Speaking," Says Secretary.

Washington, Oct. 5.—"President Roosevelt at present has no intention of taking the stump in behalf of Mr. Taft," is the way in which persistent reports that the President was to make a speaking tour in favor of the candidacy of the Republican nominee are now denied at the White House.

The latest story is that received at Lincoln by Mr. Bryan that the President intended taking the stump, and was planning to make at least six speeches on a tour across the country. This information was said to have reached Mr. Bryan from persons in the east upon whom reliance could be placed.

The report is similar to that which Vice Chairman Hudspeth of the Democratic campaign committee announced several weeks ago he had received. At that time the President was asked at Oyster Bay about the report, and he said he had not the least idea of taking the stump. Numerous times during the President's summer vacation, similar reports were flatly denied by the President's secretary at Oyster Bay. Since the President's return to Washington, these reports have become numerous.

When the matter first came up, the denials of the President's secretary were unequivocal, but to the latest reports he has given somewhat qualified denials, always saying that it is the President's "present" intention not to take the stump.

CARNEGIE PLANT BURNS.

Patents Dating Back Thirty Years Are Destroyed.

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 2.—Fire last night at the Bellair Steel plant of the Carnegie Steel company, destroyed the supply department, involving a loss of $100,000, including the entire supply of patterns dating back for thirty years, valued at $60,000. Two firemen were slightly injured.

WILL VISIT MIKADO SOON

Fleet Is Coaling at Manila for Trip to Japan.

Manila, Oct. 3.—The battleship fleet has begun to coal, preparatory for its cruise to Japan. The fleet will depart on the evening of October 6.

Some of the battleships reached Manila with only a few tons of coal in their bunkers, and colliers went alongside them as soon as they were anchored.

ROOT BLAMES SHELDON

Says Treasurer of National Committee Responsible for Lagging of Campaign.

New York, Oct. 3.—When it was reported that Secretary of State Elihu Root had visited Republican national headquarters here last Wednesday and made inquiries regarding the working of the various departments under the national committee, a flutter of excitement was caused in political circles.

The report went forth that Secretary Root had been sent by President Roosevelt because the President was not satisfied with the manner in which the campaign was being conducted.

Secretary Root was credited with having greturned to Washington and there expressed the conclusion that "National Treasurer Sheldon was to blame for the lagging in the campaign, he having left to Chairman Hitchcock much of the business that should have been disposed of by the treasurer's department."

Wade Ellis, of Ohio, was a visitor at national headquarters yesterday. He said he had not come to investigate conditions, but to pay his personal respects to Chairman Hitchcock. Business brought him to the city. He said he had recently talked with President Roosevelt, and that the President had expressed great satisfaction over the work accomplished by Mr. Hitchcock.

Taft in Denver.

Denver, Col., Oct. 3.—In the Denver auditorium, in which William J. Bryan was nominated for the presidency last July, William H. Taft last night addressed a tremendous throng, setting forth reasons and arguments why the Nebraskan should not be elected.

Mr. Taft's entry was under inspiring political conditions.

Washington's Big Fund.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 3.—A draft for $3,000, the first installment of a sum of $20,000 to be received by Republicans in Washington for use in the campaign outside this state, has been sent to Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the national Republican committee. The money is being raised by a committee of Republicans, headed by Judge R. A. Ballinger, and is intended as a return for aid received from the national committee in 1896, when the state was threatened with populism.

To Assail Cromwell.

New York, Oct. 3.—Following the attack of National Chairman Mack on the corporation affiliations of George R. Sheldon, treasurer of the Republican national committee, it is learned that the Democratic national committee is preparing to assail the corporation connections of William Nelson Cromwell, member of the advisory committee of the Republican national committee.

WEALTHY WIDOW IS KILLED

New York, Oct. 5.—Mrs. Isabella Van Cleaf, 79, a widow, was killed almost instantly, and her son, John C. Van Cleaf, wealthy broker, was injured yesterday in a runaway accident on upper Broadway. Mr. Van Cleaf took his mother for an airing behind his new roadster, and as they were returning home a fire engine whistle frightened the horse and it ran away. Mr. Van Cleaf will live.

LIFE'S ROAD

Smoothed by Change of Food.

Worry is a big load to carry and an unnecessary one. When accompanied by indigestion it certainly is cause for the blues.

But the whole trouble may be easily thrown off and life's road be made easy and comfortable by proper eating and the cultivation of good cheer. Hear what a Troy woman says:

"Two years ago I made the acquaintance of Grape-Nuts and have used the food once a day, and sometimes twice, ever since.

"At the time I began to use it life was a burden. I was for years afflicted with bilious sick headache, caused by indigestion and nothing seemed to relieve me.

"The trouble became so severe I had to leave my work for days at a time.

"My nerves were in such a state I could not sleep and the doctor said I was on the verge of nervous prostration. I saw an adv. concerning Grape-Nuts and bought a package for trial.

"What Grape-Nuts has done for me is certainly marvelous. I can now sleep like a child, am entirely free from the old trouble and have not had a headache in over a year. I feel like a new person. I have recommended it to others. One man I know ate nothing but Grape-Nuts, while working on the ice all winter, but said he never felt better in his life."

"There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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A wonderful opportunity is offered you to buy lumber and building supplies of every kind at *Prices that will save you big money.* Such a chance seldom occurs. Lumber for your house, church, barn, meeting house, crib, store, factory, and in fact, buildings of every kind. We can furnish absolutely everything needed in construction material. Have your carpenter or builder make a complete list of everything you require, including Lumber, Sash Doors, Nails, Roofing, Siding, Ceiling, in fact, anything you may need in building material or merchandise of any kind.

Send us your Lumber Bill for Our Estimate.

We bought at Manufacturers' Sale over 50,000,000 Feet of all kinds of Lumber and Finishing Material We are making special concessions, to those who buy at once. Even if you have no use for this lumber at once, it will pay you to buy now. Our prices will save you 30 to 50 per cent.

We cheerfully invite inspection of our Lumber stock and will be glad to have you come to our warehouse and yards at Chicago, see the lumber we are offering, and you will recognize that it is all what we say of it; make your own selection and see it loaded. It is not necessary to come to Chicago; we can easily sell you by mail. We can quickly convince you of the wisdom of placing an order with us. Just send us your lumber bill, and we will easily *"Show You."* On application we will send copies of letters from customers who have bought. They saved money why can't you? Write us to-day. *WE PURCHASED EVERY EXPOSITION, INCLUDING THE $50,000,000 GOOD ST. LOUIS WORLDS' FAIR. Send for our Free 500 page Catalog No. C.H. 297.* It quotes low prices on Furniture, Household Goods, Building Material, Machinery and Supplies.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING COMPANY, 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO.

PAID WIFE'S ACCUSERS

Affidavit Declares Mrs. Gould Was Shadowed by Men Who Counted Cocktails.

New York, Oct. 3.—That $2,000 had been offered an employe of the Hotel St. Regis to give false testimony against Mrs. Howard Gould, was the substance of an affidavit, purporting to have been made by the Rev. Dr. Joseph G. Murray, which was presented to Justice Giegerich in the supreme court yesterday.

The case came up before the justice on a motion to strike out certain allegations in Mrs. Gould's complaint in her suit for a separation from her husband as scandalous and irrelevant. Mrs. Gould's counsel opposed the motion and presented affidavits in which it was charged certain witnesses had been hired to testify in favor of Mr. Gould.

Wanted Mrs. Gould Shadowed.

The affidavit of Father Murray declared that Michael H. Doody had told the priest that while he was employed at the Hotel St. Regis, where Mrs. Gould lived, a detective went to him with the proposition that he "give a proper report of Mrs. Gould's comings and goings at the hotel, the amount of wine she drank and the names of her visitors, notably those of them that were men."

Another affidavit, made by Maurice Molloy, alleges that Molloy was under contract, while custodian of Castle Gould at Port Washington, to treat Mrs. Gould in a contemptuous fashion.

The lawyer for Mrs. Gould recited how, it was alleged, that Molloy had gone into the house, sat on divans and puffed cigaret smoke in Mrs. Gould's face when she ordered him out of the house.

Denies She Drank Much.

An affidavit submitted by Mrs. Gould in reply to allegations of her husband that she is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, says:

"When living in the country and spending most of my time in the open air I have drunk a cocktail on sitting down to luncheon, and generally a glass of white wine with luncheon. At dinner, whenever I felt like it, I drank a cocktail and a glass of champagne. We were always accustomed to have wine served at these meals, but that was the extent of my drinking."

Then she accuses her husband of gross habits of intoxication.

LOSES CASKET CONTAINING ASHES OF HUSBAND.

Cincinnati, Oct. 3.—A small casket containing the ashes of her dead husband has been lost by Mrs. Frances J. Hollis, of Schenectady. It was in her valise that was shipped to Richmond, Ind., but went astray. The key to the casket was worn by the wife around her neck.

Five years ago Mrs. Hollis was married in Paris. She and her husband both dreaded the thought of their bodies lying in graves after death, and they made a compact that the body of the one who died first should be cremated and the ashes always kept in the possession of the survivor.

SUGGESTS COURT PROBE

Foraker Says He Can Be Prosecuted if He Has Violated Law.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 2.—That the law should be invoked against him if he has done any wrong is the conclusion of a statement by United States Senator Forager yesterday. Before making this suggestion he sums up the various charges that have been made and discusses briefly the legal ethics as to service for various clients. The statement in part follows:

"I have not until now spoken of the compensation I received, because if the employment was improper it would be no defense to show that it was a small sum, but if on the other hand the employment was proper the compensation concerned only the company and myself, nobody else. If my former statements are true, as I know them to be, the employment was entirely proper and legitimate and therefore the question of compensation is one I do not feel called upon to discuss with Mr. Hearst.

"In view, however, of the important character of the service rendered, the ability of the company to pay, and, if it may be considered, although unforeseen, the disagreeable experience to which I am subjected, I think it would be difficult for Mr. Hearst to show that I was overgand, but if he should, that would be a matter for the company to complain about and not Mr. Hearst.

"When I was employed by the Standard Oil Co. there was no more knowledge or probability of that company's being legislated about by congress or proceeded against in the federal courts, so far as anybody was then aware, than there was and has been as to other companies when I represented them. If such mere possibilities are to be employment when my members of congress can safely act as attorney in any case and every one should immediately close his law office.

"No such rule has ever heretofore obtained and there is no reason why any such rule should obtain. All lawyers at least fully understand that when a professional service has been rendered and has been paid for, all obligation ceases on both sides and that no lawyer is bound by reason of a previous employment to show any favor at any subsequent time as attorney, as public official or otherwise, to anyone who may have been his client.

"Finally, if I committed any offense against the law let somebody specifically point out and proceed against me. The courts are open and although they have been severely criticised, yet the people have confidence in them and will accept and be satisfied with their judgments. If there be any just basis for this reckless, wholesale defamation and attempted assassination of character, let it take some tangible, open and fair form of procedure where all interested can appear and be fully heard."

Bloody Record.

New Orleans, Oct. 5.—Two shot and killed and one wounded was the record for Sunday quarrels in New Orleans.

Joseph Bowers, a carpenter, was killed by James Cooper, a saloonkeeper, who claimed he shot in self-defense. Tottie Gaddy, a negress, was killed by her husband because of jealousy. Walter S. Blardone was wounded by Katie Kingston in a resort run by the woman.

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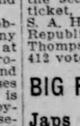

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HANDWRITING ON WALL

Local Option Elections Foretell the Re-election of Gov. Harris.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, O., Oct. 3.—After reading the returns from the local option elections that were held in 19 scattered Ohio counties thus far this week, can there be even a lingering doubt in the mind of the most conservative citizen that Andrew L. Harris will be re-elected governor by a tremendous majority?

Of the county elections already held, every one has voted dry, thus putting more than 500 saloons out of business. These counties have approximately 450,000 population. There are 15 more counties to hold local option elections before the general election on Nov. 3, as follows:

Columbiana and Ashtabula, October 3; Champagne, Defiance, Union, Madison, Logan, Pickaway and Wood, October 5; Wyandotte and Paulding, October 6; Shelby, October 7; Putnam, October 13; Darke, October 16, and Coshocton, October 22.

From the astounding results in the 19 already held, together with the moral effect, which can not help but influence the other 15 elections, the indications are that these latter elections will also be dry victories.

Personal Liberty league managers and the liquor interests are dumbfounded. They know not which way to turn in self-defense in view of the overwhelming temperance sentiment in the state. They fought fiercely in every one of the 19 counties where elections have been held and spent many thousands of their fund of one million dollars, and had confidently expected to carry the most of these counties for the wets.

Judge Harmon and the state Democratic managers have maintained all along that the temperance question was not an issue of this campaign, but the returns from these 19 counties will no doubt force them to make some move towards officially recognizing the temperance issue, in hopes of at least getting a few temperance Democrats back into the Democratic fold. Such a move would now come too late, however, for in the minds of the people they are riveted, bolted and nailed to the liquor interests.

The results of the local option elections astonished even the Anti-Saloon league and other temperance leaders, to say nothing of politicians generally. The election figures when analyzed, show a surprising situation. For instance, 16 of these counties in 1903, when the chief issue in the state campaign was also temperance, gave Herrick a plurality of 1,510 votes over Pattison. At this week's election they gave a dry plurality of 19,595 votes.

In the 1906 state campaign, with the secretary of state as head of the ticket, and with Carmi Thompson and S. A. Hoskins heading respectively the Republican and Democratic tickets, Thompson was given a plurality of 11,412 votes in these same counties.

BIG RECEPTION FOR FLEET

Japs Prepare to Give Armada Stirring Welcome.

Tokio, Oct. 5.—Japan is planning to give the American battleship fleet a welcome that shall eclipse in splendor and enthusiasm any of the previous receptions tendered the American vessels on their voyage around the world.

The arrival of the fleet at Manila has given a stimulus to the interest in their forthcoming visit to Japan, and the preparations for the constant entertainment of the American officers and men are now completed.

The vessels are due October 17, and will remain a week.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

Chicago, Oct. 1.—At Democratic national headquarters today an itemized statement was made public, showing that campaign contributions from newspapers to date have reached a total of $34,994.

ARCHBOLD TELLS HOW LETTERS WERE STOLEN

New York, Sept. 30.—A new phase of the discussion of the so-called "Standard Oil correspondence," made public recently by William R. Hearst, was entered upon late yesterday when John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil company, made a statement setting forth details of the alleged theft of correspondence from the files.

Mr. Archbold said: "In response to many inquiries as to the theft of letters from my files, the following may be made known: Three years ago a report reached me that certain of my letters had been offered for sale to newspapers of this city, avowedly as stolen letters. Examination showed that some letters were missing and that they could only have been taken by some one not only familiar with office details, but highly trusted. The party on whom suspicion fell stoutly denied all guilt.

"A little later, however, a man who represented himself as acting between the thief and those to whom the letters had been sold proposed to return some of the letters for a consideration. His story was that the idea of the theft had been conceived by his brother, who had at one time been in the company's employ, and that this brother had induced the employes already suspected to accomplish the theft. According to the go-between's story, he had disposed of the letters, or some of them, to two men who purchased them on behalf of Mr. Hearst's newspaper, the Journal.

"Not only had stolen letters been thus traded for, but the thief was induced to carry off one or more letter copying books, many of whose pages he claims were photographed, other pages being removed altogether. Corroboration of the go-between's story of three years ago lay in his return of some of the correspondence at the time. The production of stolen letters by Mr. Heart is further corroboration now. Obviously, among such a coterie, authenticity of their output is not to be lightly accepted. The opportunities for falsification, suppressing of context, distortion of passages are many."

GUNS ROAR FOR QUAKERS

Military Day in 225th Anniversary Program.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5.—With the booming of the guns of the American warships in the Delaware river at sunrise today, the second day in the elaborate program for the celebration of the 225th anniversary of the founding of Philadelphia was ushered in. This was military day, and the principal feature is the great parade of United States regulars, sailors and marines and the entire division of the Pennsylvania National Guard. Twenty thousand men will pass in review this afternoon.

In the reception hall of the office of the mayor was struck the first impression of the new city seal. For 106 years the municipal seal has been a vehicle of error. It has imparted the information for all that time that the founding of the city dated from 1701. The blame has always been placed upon the die sinker. The new selection contains the date 1683, and the motto "Philadelphia Maneto," (Let Brotherly Love Continue).

FINAL STANDARD HEARING

St. Louis Circuit Court Will Hear Suit.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 3.—The final hearing of the suit of the federal government to dissolve the Standard Oil company will take place before the United States circuit court in St. Louis February 23, 1909. The suit will be heard before Circuit Judges Vandeventer, Hook and Adams. The Standard Oil company is given until December 1 to complete its testimony before the referees, Franklin Ferriss and Thomas Skenker, and the government is given until January 1 to close its rebuttal. There will be no witnesses at the final hearing.

"LIE," SAYS LONGWORTH

Didn't Name Teddy for President in Eight Years.

Cincinnati, Oct. 5.—Congressman Nicholas Longworth, who was in Cincinnati today en route east, where he will continue his speaking tour, denounced as a campaign lie the widely printed story that in a speech at Rock Island, Ill., he proposed that after Judge Taft had served two terms as President that President Roosevelt would again be a candidate for the presidency.

Congressman Longworth said: "The facts of the case are that I said that I believed confidently that Judge Taft would be elected President, and that his administration would be so wise and beneficial to the people that they would insist that he would serve them another term. 'After that,' I said, 'Ohio would not be selfish and would yield to some other state—perhaps New York—to nominate the next president.'

"I had no particular candidate in mind, New York coming first into my mind, because of the presence of Mr. Sherman on the platform. At that point many people shouted 'Roosevelt,' and the audience cheered his name loudly."

FIND 93 ELECTION CROOKS

St. Louis Jury Will Seek Men Behind the Frauds.

St. Louis, Oct. 3.—The September grand jury, which has been investigating alleged primary and registration frauds in this city for several weeks, returned its final report today, the findings of which brought the total number of indictments to ninety-three. Three have already been arrested and pleaded guilty and two have been sentenced to the penitentiary. For the most part the victims of the grand jury findings were obscure "repeaters" from the lodging house districts. The grand jury summoned today will try to ascertain the men back of the frauds.

HASKELL TO VISIT OHIO

Whether Democratic Committee Wants Him or Not.

Columbus, O., Oct. 3.—Gov. C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, proposes to come into Ohio and make political speeches whether the Democratic state committee wills it or not. Yesterday Haskell notified A. P. Sandles that he would be in this state week after next.

Acting irrespective of the state committee, Sandles invited Gov. Haskell to attend the Putnam county fair at Ottawa beginning next Tuesday. Haskell was wanted on Saturday, when Judson Harmon and other candidates on the Democratic state ticket will attend. Gov. Harris will be at the fair Friday.

Yesterday Sandles received the following telegram from the fighting governor: "Newspapers have misquoted me. I will not attend the Putnam county fair next week, because political speeches are not permitted on the fair grounds. But I am coming to Ohio to make speeches before the election, probably week after next."

Sandles at once wired Haskell urging him to arrange to be in Ottawa on the night of Oct. 14, when Champ Clark, of Missouri, is to address a Democratic rally. He promised the Oklahoma executive a big meeting.

Asked if he believed it would be wise from a political standpoint to have Haskell stump Ohio Sandles said: "It certainly will be all right as far as this part of the state is concerned. President Roosevelt and Judge Taft did their best to defeat Haskell in Oklahoma. He defeated them by 100,000. And he has had the best of the controversy during the present campaign."

Haskell formerly lived in Putnam county. The Republican state committee is watching the Haskell developments closely. There is talk that he will run into a bomb if he attempts to do any electioneering in this state.

THOUSANDS ARE HUNGRY

Heartrending Conditions Found Among Chicago's Poor.

Chicago, Oct. 2.—Ten thousand school children in Chicago are insufficiently nourished, some live constantly on the verge of starvation, and many are not clad enough to keep them in a healthy condition, according to a report made to the board of education. Many parents were found to sleep so late that their children went to school without breakfast.

Numerous pupils reported inability to attend school because of insobriety of their parents. In the poorer quarters heartrending conditions were disclosed. Children deserted or left by parents, who had been sent to jail, were some of the instances. It is expected that the school board will take action.

ZION OWES $4,903,725.

Assets Estimated at $1,709,647 by Receiver.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—G. D. Thomas, receiver for the estate of John Alexander Dowie, founder of the religious community at Zion City, Ill., today filed a report in the federal court showing the assets of the estate to be $1,709,647. Against this are secured claims of $326,327 and unsecured claims, including a number still in dispute, of $4,903,725.

FAILURES INCREASE IN 1908; OHIO PROVES AN EXCEPTION

Commercial failures in the United States during nine months ending September 30 were 11,946 in number and $179,677,523 in amount of defaulted indebtedness, according to statistics compiled by R. G. Dun & Co. In the corresponding months of 1907 there were 8,000 failures, and the amount involved was $116,636,348. Manufacturing failures were 2,862 in number and $79,140,431 in amount, against 1,954 similar suspensions last year, with liabilities of $62,783,957. There were 8,630 trading defaults for $72,810,237, against 5,878 failures in this class last year for $39,893,927. Other commercial failures numbered 454 and involved $27,726,565, against 258 for $13,358,464 in 1907. Banking and other fiduciary concerns suspended to the number of 147, with liabilities of $116,108,661, against 29 banking failures for $12,945,669 last year.

Above Normal.

As to number and amount failures have been above normal, but there are many evidences that the season of liquidation is nearing an end, the latest figures showing improvement over those of months early in the year, and the recovery is especially noteworthy in respect to the number of failures. Thus, the first three months of 1908 recor

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Then let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be.
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me."

MONDAY

The heart of a man changeth his countenance,
Whether it be for good or for evil.
A cheerful countenance is a token of a Heart that is in prosperity.

TUESDAY

East or West, home is best.

WEDNESDAY

If man has won fame in this world,
A woman helped him win it;
If you will look up all the facts,
You'll find a woman in it.

THURSDAY

However life may look in the middle of the night, it is a good thing to start out to do the work of the day with hope and courage.

FRIDAY

Help me to be forgetful of myself, but thoughtful to do no evil to any man.

SATURDAY

May we know the joy when night shall come of having accomplished something worthy.

Purses for Bad Coins

ELIZABETH AYRES

Two women were talking together one day, which is a circumstance not at all out of the ordinary, but the one was monopolizing the talking because she could use words faster than the other, while the other had the accomplishment of being a good listener.

Most of the woman's talk was relative to her troubles, and worries, and the wrongs, that had been inflicted upon her by others.

One could not help but liken her to the melancholy gentleman in Longfellow's Hyperion, to whom life was only a dismal swamp.

One heard, too, of the shortcomings and follies of her friends and acquaintances, but whatever the subject one did not hear the pearls that dropped from the lips of the beautiful princess in the fairy story. In truth, she was not at all like a fairy princess, either in thought or speech. She thought she was a good woman, but there are some good people who do more harm than the bad.

How she had been imposed upon; how she had been unjustly treated; how this, that and the other one had interfered with her happiness, was the theme of her gloomy refrain.

Everyone should know that sort of talk becomes extremely tiresome in about a minute, or a minute and a half at the longest.

The good cheer philosopher, like pluck, always wins, though it is scarcely possible for the ordinary human mind to keep up the cheer, days without number. The good cheer philosophy is disguised under many names and has many different lines of instruction. They are compounded and elaborated simply and solely to attract those who must have a high-sounding appellation to persuade them to think they have found the great and only thing to make life happy.

The real good cheer philosopher does not know he is a philosopher. He goes about with a kind word for one, a hearty greeting, or a cordial handshake for another that makes one thus greeted feel as if a ray of sunshine had crossed one's path. But woe to the good cheer philosopher when he falls from grace and a day of gloom descends upon him. From morning till night, wherever he may go, he is compelled to answer the frequent question, "What's the matter with you?" until he runs out of answers. In his heart he knows that on tomorrow he shall be "all right," and in his heart he knows, also, that what seem like heavy cares today will have lost their weight on the morrow.

The woman who paraded her woes had no knowledge of the possibilities that lie in good cheer. With her, the present was a complaint, the past a sigh, and the future something sure to be desperate.

She took a comfortable sort of misery in telling her trials to anyone who should happen to be where she could not escape from listening. In the present case her victim was a woman of original ideas, and with little patience for those who were continually reciting their troubles.

When there was a sufficient opening, she thrust in the wedge of interruption.

"Why don't you have a purse for bad coins and keep them out of circulation?" she inquired, with ostentatious carelessness.

"Bad coins!" the woman who talked trouble exclaimed. "Why, I haven't any!"

"Oh, yes, you have; you've been sending them out in showers. I put mine in a bad coin bag—purely imaginary, you know—whenever I feel a spendthrift attack coming on and an inclination to assault my friends and acquaintances. Keep your good coins in circulation, but put the bad ones out of commission. Do you understand me?" she asked, rising to end the conversation, and smiling a little at her companion.

The other hesitated a moment, then, remembering the things she had said, a flush rose to her face.

"Yes, I do," she answered with an air of finality. "Yes, I understand."

Do you?

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

BE JUST IN ARGUMENT.

Everyone who thinks at all is certain to have opinions of his own, and it is just as certain that his opinions will occasionally conflict with those of other "thinking people."

Wordy and heated arguments are to be avoided always, but calm and sane discussion between individuals having problems of mutual interest can harm none and are for the improvement of individuals and humanity at large. Occasionally we find those who are broad enough to admit themselves in the wrong in a discussion, and to admit the truth of the arguments of others. Those who do not are either stubborn or sincere in their denial of having been convinced. Because one fails to be convinced of the justice or precision of our arguments is no proof that his mind is weak or his ideas false. His mind may be fully as strong as our own; his moral preception thoroughly as keen, but perhaps he looks at the universe at a different angle, through a different light.

Sometimes, when no amount of argument between those of extensive broad-mindedness can serve to change the opinion of either, the fault lies not in the difference in their mental scope, but rather between their visions—a quality which is traceable to their inherent natures alone. Both may be in the right and neither in the wrong—it all depends upon the deep, underlying way of looking at things.

A truly good mind realizes this fact; has an all-reaching charity, and does not stoop to anger over such trivial things as mere expressions of opinion. So, instead of losing our temper in an argument, is it not better to hold our peace and recognize that it is an all-wise Providence that has created human beings with varied natures so that each gazes at the world through different colored glasses.

After all, would life be worth living if we all thought alike? Our thoughts govern our actions and our actions govern the world.—Julia Seney Hopkins.

WITH BEST WISHES

As I enjoy reading the letters so much, I thought I would step in this beautiful evening. I have never seen a letter in our corner from the blue grass state. I live on a farm of 100 acres in Lincoln county, near Hustonville, Ky. My father has taken The Blade for many years. I have taken it for the past two years, and think it a splendid paper.

I have been married three years and have one little baby, 11 months old. I will come again some time and tell you more about my home. With best wishes to all.—I. M.

FROM A SOLDIER.

Will you admit an ex-Confederate soldier to your circle? I have been deeply impressed with the many beautiful letters published in The Blade, to which I have been a subscriber for a number of years. It is a welcome visitor to our quiet home among the West Virginia hills. We live near the beautiful Greenbrier river, in a country teeming with the products of our land. There are timber, coal, lumber, grain and all commodities of life. Farming is the chief industry here in the Greenbrier valley. We are above the coal regions. Our mountains abound with fine hard and soft timber. Our streams are well stocked with fish. We have a large government fishery at the famous White Sulphur Springs near us. We have many summer resorts: The Old Sweet Springs, Salt Sulphur Springs, Red Sulphur Springs and many others.

My children are all married except two. My daughter keeps house for me. I lost my wife nine years ago. She was a good mother. I read many letters published in The Blade that speak about "mother." It is so near to heaven the sweet name of "mother." I had one of the best mothers. She had six sons in the Confederate army. All got home after the war and lived many happy years with our mother to cherish her during life.

I was in many hard contested battles of the Civil War. Many of you have read of Sheridan's Ride in the Valley of Virginia at the memorable battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. I was one to witness it all. I belonged to the artillery service. I was at Winchester, where President McKinley distinguished himself. He was but a youth at the time. If he were living we should be the same age.

I have ten grandchildren. They are a great deal of company for me. I tell them many stories. I am a great lover of children, and always try to make them happy when I am with them. They keep our hearts tender.

It is the duty of all mothers to teach their children in their youth. Train them while they are young and while they grow up they will not depart from what they have been taught. It is a true saying that the mother rocks the cradle of the world.

In answer to Maggie N. H. we have in West Virginia a lovely climate, fertile lands well adapted to farming, and fruit of all kinds. Our state is mountainous and is called the Switzerland of America. We have fine schools. Six months of free schools, while our town—Alderson—is an independent school district, and has eight months of free school, besides there are two academies that run ten months. We welcome all to our Little Mountain State.—Anon.

We shall be very glad to hear from you when you feel like writing. I am glad you came.—Editor.

A WORD FOR THE BIRDS

I cannot tell you how my heart goes out to the birds. Wear one on my hat? Never! What self-reproach I should feel whenever I looked at the little stuffed creature, and thought how its song was stilled forever. I would not have my cat catch one if I could help it.

I wonder if we shall hear from Florida Old Man again. I have missed reading some of my papers of late, because of deep trouble, but clouds and sunshine go together, at least one soon follows the other.—Granna.

INQUIRIES.

Will someone please send a way to keep cider sweet six or eight months?

Will the reader of The Blade who gave the recipe for catarrh almost a year ago, containing glycerine, carbolic and rainwater, kindly send the same to The Household Editor with explicit directions for use? And oblige—Mrs. J. P.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

One of our readers asked for a safe bleach for linen and any other linen stains. Mrs. Carrie McCormick sends her way of doing. It is this:

Two pounds chloride of lime, three pounds of sal soda. Dissolve lime in cold water, the sal soda in hot water. Mix and let boil up to be sure all is dissolved. Put in five gallon jar and fill the jar with water. Always have the linen wet before using bleach. Put a cupful in an earthen or granite pan, put in stained parts. If badly stained let it remain five minutes. Wring out, put right into suds or warm water, then rinse well. If any liquid is left put it back in jar, which should be covered and labeled. For iron rust use lemon juice and salt, first wetting the goods.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

There's a space for good to bloom
In every heart of man or woman,
And however wild or human,
Or however brimmed with gall,
Ne'er heart may beat without it;
And the dearest heart to doubt it,
Has something good about it,
After all.

—Whitcomb Riley.

It's rather quiet in the correspondence column today. However, here is a welcome to you all, whether you have or have not written.

Letters received since the past meeting of the Cozy Corner friends are from: Mrs. Carrie McCormick; Old Pilgrim; The Girl; Ada Jane; Mrs. Erma L. Squires, and A Busy Bee.

One of my people said in his letter to me "God bless you." It has glorified my day.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

The following recipe for pickled green corn is sent by Mrs. L. N. Kilmer: Have boiling water on the stove; put in it as many ears of husked corn as the water will cover. Cover the dish and let it stand till the milk in the kernels is "set," or becomes too thick to run. This takes from three to five minutes.

Take out and when cool enough to handle shave from the cob. For every three-quarters of the shaved corn, add one pint of salt, dairy salt is best. Stir thoroughly and pack in a crock. Add a plate or block of tasteless wood and a flat clean stone to hold the corn solid. Tie over with thick paper. Flour sack paper is best.

When corn is removed to use, be sure and level the balance and replace the weight and paper. Any size crock will do, according to the size of the family. I use a six-gallon crock, and one two gallon one.

To prepare corn for use. Take as much as you want and wash it in clear, tepid water, changing the water till there is no taste of salt in it, then soak about four hours, or until the corn is fresh, changing the water once or twice, then prepare in any way you would corn that was fresh from the field. You will find it quite as delicious, especially if a little sugar—a teaspoonful to two quarts is added.

I have given this recipe to a number of ladies who have tried pickling corn unsuccessfully, and they have been well pleased with it. The stumbling block in path of success is in the apparently small matter of "setting the milk." If the corn is packed raw, or insufficiently heated, so that the milk runs when the kernels are cut, all the goodness soaks out when it is freshened to use. On the other hand, if it is entirely cooked, it becomes tough in the brine. So this must be carefully attended to. The rest is easy.

From Grey Wing we have a recipe for higdom: One peck of green tomatoes, two large cabbages, four red peppers.

Chop fine and let ingredients stand over night, with one cup of salt mixed through. In the morning drain through a colander, then cover with vinegar, and cook until soft. Drain again, cover with vinegar, add two pounds of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, ground cinnamon and allspice. With this mix four chopped onions and large piece of horse radish. The good quality of this pickle is in chopping fine and cooking it until it is thoroughly done. If anyone does not like cinnamon. It may be omitted, substituting white mustard seed instead.

I usually make it as late in the fall as I can green tomatoes. Put it in a large jar, and then, any time in the winter after I have a number of empty cans I heat what is left and seal in these cans. In this way one has a fine pickle for the whole year. Everyone will surely understand that several small cabbages are as well as two large one.

I hope this may help some that like pickles. I consider it the best chowder of any I ever make.

From C. M. J., of California, comes this recipe for marmalade: Peel and pit about one and a half gallons of very ripe apricots. The day before they are cooked add 19 cupfuls of sugar. Stir thoroughly into the apricots and let stand over night. In the morning put it in preserving kettle and set it to boil over a slow fire, then replace on back of stove and let boil about four or five hours, taking off the scum and being careful not to burst it. About fifteen minutes before putting it in jars, put in one can shredded pineapples, the kind you buy in the stores, and you will want more of it, I am sure, after having tasted it once.

Mrs. J. P. is authority for Denver biscuit which she is sure the members of the Household will appreciate if they give it a trial.

After the dough is mixed, keep it in a cool place. In the summer time keep it in the refrigerator. It is ready at any moment to roll out. Put in a greased pan and bake as other biscuit. The amount made by the following ingredients will make three or four meals for an ordinary sized family:

One quart of sweet milk; one cup of lard; one of mashed potatoes; one teaspoon of baking powder; one tablespoon sugar; one of salt. One cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in warm water. Add flour, and knead the same as for light bread. It will be ready to bake the first pan in a few hours.

We find them a great convenience in serving at hot church suppers, as the dough can be prepared in advance.

ORIGIN OF MOUND BUILDINGS

Mound-building was at one time quite a universal custom all over the face of the earth, and was not confined to any one particular class of people. It was practiced by some of the Indians of the Mississippi valley to comparatively recent times.

After careful study I think it very probably that the building of mounds over the dead dates back to the snow and ice periods. It originated as a matter of necessity, and afterwards became a custom. We find today in the frozen north, near the Arctic circle, huts constructed of snow and ice, in which Indians live, and frequently in them the smoked and mummified remains of their parents and ancestors are kept and preserved at the same time and place with those living. In other places they have them buried inside and beneath the earthen floor of the hut in which the younger generation still live. The motive for this practice I take to be similar to that expressed in the Sioux lullaby, "That the wolves won't get them." If a death occurred and they buried the body anywhere else in the snow, the sun later on might melt the snow away and expose the remains to the wild beasts of the snow and ice fields of the north. If the family last living in the hut moved away, or for some reason or another abandoned the same, they first filled up the inside of the hut as much as possible with earth and gravel, in order to better protect their venerated dead from exposure, and this, together with the shape of the hut, in time became the mound. It is reasonable to suppose that, even after moving to warmer and more congenial climes, this custom, once formed, was in a way continued, and finally became the burial custom of a great many tribes and peoples who have long been called the Mound Builders.

An old lady, Mrs. Lawrence (formerly

A BUSHMAN VILLAGE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mrs. Noble Dean), who lived with us, being at the time nearly 80 years of age, was the first white woman to settle on this side of the river, where the city of Dubuque now stands. She told me "that, after the battle near Prairie Du Chien, in 1832—known as the Black Hawk war—where the Sacs and Foxes were defeated and driven down the river, she saw one of the warriors who had been severely wounded in that battle, but managed to escape as far as Eagle Point, at Dubuque, where he died, buried, and a mound built around him. He was in full dress, war paint and feathers—sat upon the level ground, the body in a slightly reclining, but nearly upright sitting position—the earth and gravel had been carried from a distance to the place and filled around his body to the height of his shoulders, the head and shoulders and arms left exposed. She thought, on account of being pursued, they had to flee, and left it in such unfinished shape." However, this burial, according to the custom of the Muskwakies, of the Foxes, was complete. The only other thing they would have done had they had time would have been to set sappling over it in the shape of a hut and bank up the outside with sod.

These round-shaped huts are by no means confined to the frozen north. For instance, the Bushmen, of South Africa, have circular huts, and our own Mandans on the banks of the Mississippi river, with their huts in the round and moundlike shape, bring us nearer home, and to the sodding up of the outside of the hut in which Black Hawk and Matau-e-qua were buried. And even as far apart as the Bushman villages in South Africa and the frozen north of Alaska, we find a great many customs and practices similar to those of the North American Indians. — Richard Herrmann, in Records of the Past.

THE MERRY - GO - ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

It is quite evident that Miss Printer "sensed" in the air the call from Olive Branch, as the following descriptive letter was certainly written before the call was sounded. It is one of the descriptive letters with which we have been taking travels of late.

Lookout Mountain, overlooking Chattanooga, Tenn., brings to the imagination a picture of nature in her rugged moods, and a nation in the throes of civil war. From the crest of old Lookout royalty has remarked on the singular beauty of scene—rivaling European grandeur. But to we who boast of southern blood it is made dear, not by beautiful scenery, but by memories of heroes whose blood has hallowed the ground.

Nearing the base of the mountain, the incline railway appears to be almost perpendicular for about one-third of the way, but, of course, on closer observation we perceive a decided slant. The cars are operated by means of cables, reminding one of an old-fashioned weight-clock; as one car begins the upward climb the other slowly descends.

After the top of the incline has been reached and you step out, breathing a sigh of relief, you linger for a glance down the dangerous railway and a glimpse of the peaceful city below.

As "distance lends enchantment to the view," Chattanooga's unlovely points are lost from this height, and you see only distant Missionary Ridge, through a blue haze; the little city in a setting of green, and the winding course of the Tennessee. Passing into the street, Lookout Inn, attractive cottages and well-kept lawns greet the eye. Close to the towers of Point park is the War museum, where you may see General Thomas' chair, Grant's pen, etc. Passing the gates of Point park, we devote a few minutes to each of the arm tablets, giving a minute history of the war as it raged in and around Chattanooga. The most magnificent monument in the park is that of New York. Bronze figures representing Generals Lee and Grant grace the apex, and on a tablet near the base is engraved President McKinley's words spoken in Atlanta in 1898: "Reunited—one country forever."

Down a slight slope and a flight of stone steps and Chattanooga valley again opens to our view. We venture near the edge of the huge rock joining our footing and gaze down a sheer precipice of many feet onto the tops of the trees far out in the distance, and nearer the roofs of Point hotel. Crossing a few feet to our right we stand beneath Umbrella rock, formed of huge rocks some 10 or 12 feet high, the upper one balanced across the lower. From this rock may be seen seven states and four battle fields.

Passing out of the park, we take a car for Point hotel. On our way we see Summit rock, Lover's leap and other interesting places. From Point hotel we get a splendid view of the city and Moccasin bend. This bend is formed by the Tennessee river cutting its course around a large, fertile tract of land and remarkably resembling a foot enclosed in an Indian moccasin. In the distance, Missionary Ridge battle field may be seen, and beyond lies Chicamauga National park in the city, Chattanooga university, Erlanger hospital, and all the most important institutions are visible.

Only a few of the many beautiful scenes have been described.

My subject deserves a worthier pen. To be appreciated fully, Lula lake and falls, Lookout mountain and Chattanooga must be seen. Then, if you are a true lover of nature, you will be delighted.—Miss Printer.

I am a farmer's son and just of age to join the M. G. R. I live in the Empire state, in the grand old village of Medway, Greene county.

I am rather inclined to look on the serious side of life, but in spite of this I love fun and gaiety. I read a great deal and enjoy books about birds and animals. There is nothing I like better than to spend a day in the woods watching them and studying nature. I do not believe in hunting for fun, and dislike to see boys kill birds or animals just for sport. I, too, like other members of this circle, love music, and I agree with Gladys from the Wild Rose state in thinking that the violin, properly played, is the finest musical instrument. Complying with Cherry's request, I will give a short description of myself. I am just 16 and have been waiting some time to be old enough to be permitted to write to the M. G. R. I am five feet seven inches tall and weigh about 120 pounds. I have a naturally dark complexion and tan easily. My hair and eyes are dark. I wonder if my "Cousin Lou," from up the mountains, would recognize me in this guise. I still attend school and love my studies. I am always eager for examination time to come around.—Happy-Go-Lucky.

I have never written to the M. G. R., but after reading the Indian boy's letter, I wanted to write to him.

I think you are a brave boy and must like to work, or you would not try to raise fowls in the condition you are in. It seems to me like it would be quite a task to do so.

In studying history I have read so often of the Indian and I wonder sometimes, if they are a happy people. I believe they were happy before the white man came to America.

I wish our Indian writer had given his real name and address if he desires to write to a friend who is a stranger. I would like very much to correspond with you.

Florida Old Man, why don't you come again and relieve the minds of some of these girls?

As I haven't much to write this morning I will close and sign my real name, Mary E. Kern.

My yearly letter is already overdue, but one canont crowd everything in sometimes. I wrote you last a few days before coming to Mexico and for some months did not get to see The Blade. Finally it found the right resting place and comes to me now pretty regularly.

As I write I am sitting in a pleasant schoolroom, modeled after American lines, and filled with American children as dear as our young people at home. From the window can be seen the graduated hills leading up to what we know as "The Range." From another, a mountain so dear to us all, called La Silla, or The Saddle, is to be seen standing as if mounting guard over us in watchful care, and always as I look come the words of the Psalmist—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Somehow since coming here I feel that one has missed something from his life if he hasn't seen The Land of Tomorrow. If I had no other thing to repay me for giving some of my life as a missionary here it would still be well worth while to have lived two

A MEXICAN CARRIER.
Sent by "India."

years in this place in spite of every trial.

Yesterday, September 16th, was the Mexican Fourth of July, and despite the fact that it was a bad, rainy day, the enthusiasm of the celebration was in no way lessened so far as could be seen.

Do any of the M. G. R.'s live in or near Mexico? I wonder about it at times, and do any of those who live far from us care to know anything in particular about the country or life here? If so, and I can tell you, I will gladly do so. At the close of my year I will be back in Indiana "for good," because the best man in the world, whose wife I am, says Mexico has had enough of me, so until then, as we say here, adios.—India.

I have read so many of your letters from different parts of the continent, and have enjoyed them so much that I thought I should like to write one also.

I live in Frankfort, a beautiful little town, which is situated on the shores of Lake Michigan, and which, on the whole, is about as pleasant a place as one could wish for.

You may think, being in the northern part of Michigan, as it is, that Frankfort would have a rather cold climate, but on the contrary, it is warmer than some towns further inland.

We have a fine school here. The building itself has about sixteen large rooms, and is made of brick and stone.

As I am afraid of writing too much I will close for now. Your friend—Esther Marbe.

We have taken The Blade for about four months and think it one of the best papers going. I always look for the M. G. R.'s the first, thing and take great delight in reading the letters.

I live in Illinois in a beautiful little city. I have lived here all my life and do not think I shall ever leave it for good. I love Illinois best of all the states in the Union, and I think, as many others undoubtedly do, that "There are other skies as blue, still my heart is ever true, to my own, my Illinois."

I think I would like Virginia next best. I have never been there, but I imagine I should like to live there very much. I am a great lover of horses and should certainly learn to ride if we owned one.

With a rousing cheer for the M. G. R.'s.—Brown-Eyed Girlie.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.

"I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so."—From Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

These are the kind of days when "the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock."

The letters we have the honor of receiving during the week are from: Sweet Seventeen; The Golden Hair; Old Hand; Dona Lillian, and L. K. Fradenburg.

The first thing we know it will be holiday time.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire
And said to his mate, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll all have to sit on the air."

THE CARBON FAIRIES

It was growing dark, and Mary, seated beside a warm coal fire, waiting for supper. She has walked quite a long distance from the school through the snow and over the ice, so it seemed pretty good to sit by the fire to warm her toes and rest a bit.

She watched the coal redden and blacken by turns, while the blue flames parted here and there, as though playing a merry game of hide and seek.

"Hello, little girl," said a sweet voice from that direction.

"You think we are playing hide and seek, do you not? Well, we are, but you and the other people are the ones we seek. We seek to touch each of you with our fairy wand before darting up the chimney like good old St. Nicholas. We make summer for you here all winter long. North wind rushes about, singing his loudest songs over the meadows and through the woods, but he cannot touch anyone in this room where we Carbon Fairies are playing. We look out through the tiny windows of this small house that people call a stove, and see how happy people look who come near us. Kittie is now rolling up her soft cushion, purring loudly. Rover has his little cold, black nose stretched out this way. Baby has cooed himself to sleep looking at the bright fire, and now, little girl, if your toes are getting warm, I will tell you something about the Carbon Fairies and where we came from.

Ages and ages ago, long before Adam and Eve lived in the world, we lived in the trees, as many do now. There was no music except the songs of the breeze which rocked us to sleep.

One day we rocked harder than any breeze could rock. We rocked so hard that, crash, went down the largest, tallest trees. I tell you we were frightened, for we thought everything was going to pieces, but we were not hurt at all. Then harder and harder rocked the very ground itself, until great waves of the ocean came rolling over us. Surely, we thought, everything now was going to be drowned. But no, we were not hurt at all; after awhile, when all was quiet again, the sea fairies played us to sleep with their little shell harps.

"We never woke up until last year, when a little pecking noise was heard close by. Looking up, we saw what seemed like a star, but really it was a small lantern on somebody's hat, and that somebody was hammering away in order to fill his basket with coal. When his basket was filled it was emptied into a larger basket; then up, up we went, through a long dark hole until we came to daylight again. The ocean was gone, but it seems before going away he has rolled a great mountain over us. Strange we were not crushed, but that is the way coal was made, and we are so glad that everything happened as it did, because we now make people warm and comfortable.

"How different everything looked to us now in the world. There were not so many trees, but some of them were singing (the birds) thought Mary. Some of the trees had bright colored leaves instead of only green ones ("flowers") thought Mary again. The great sun was shining over all just as he used to shine. Now, goodbye, little Mary, for I am going to see more of this wonderful world," and up the chimney flew the fairy.

"Supper is ready!" Mary looked up and there stood papa with baby brother in his arms, all ready to eat supper and to hear her story.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE FIELD OF MONTEREY.

The sweet church bells are pealing out
A chorus wild and free,
And everything rejoicing
For the glorious victory.
But bitter tears are gushing
For the gallant and the gay,
Who now in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

When spring was here with opening flowers
And I the proud May queen,
And all the young and gay were met
To dance upon the green;
The noblest and the manliest
Were by my side that day,
Who now in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

The flowers of spring are faded now,
The woods are sear and cold,
The persimmon's cheek is flushing
And the papaw shines in gold.
But he in earliest manhood
Has sadly passed away,
And now in death is sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

The bugles swell their wildest notes
And loud the cannons roar;
And madly peal the sweet church bells
For holy rest no more;
But lonely hearts are bleeding
Upon this glorious day,
For the loved in death are sleeping
On the field of Monterey.

RECESSIONAL.

By Rudyard Kipling.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget,

The tumult of the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tire,
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN.

By Hattie Whitney.

I passed by a garden,
A little Dutch garden,
Where useful and pretty things grew—
Hearts-ease and tomatoes,
And pinks and potatoes,
And lilies and onions and rue.

I saw in that garden,
That little Dutch garden,
A chubby Dutch man with a spade,
And a rosy Dutch frau
With a shoe like a scow,
And a flaxen-haired little Dutch maid.

There grew in that garden,
That little Dutch garden,
Blueflag flowers lovely and tall,
And early blush roses and little pink posies,
But Gretchen was fairer than all.

My heart's in that garden,
That little Dutch garden,
It tumbled right in as I passed,
Mid 'wildering mazes of spinach and daisies,
And Gretchen is holding it fast.

WHEN THE SUNSET TURNS THE OCEAN'S BLUE TO GOLD

When the busy day is o'er,
And the sun is sinking lower,
Then I seem to see a dear old southern home;
And the long years roll away,
Just a child again, I play,
With my playmates in the woods I used to roam.

And at eve my mother there
Listens to me say my prayer,
And I feel her kiss as in the days of old,
But now mother's old and gray,
Waiting for me far away,
When the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

CHORUS.

Oh! the old church bells are ringing,
And the mockingbirds are singing,
As they sang around the place in the days of old,
And though I am far away,
All my heart has been today
Where the sunset turns the ocean's blue to gold.

When a lad to man had grown,
With my sweetheart I did roam,
Just a country lass with heart as fine as snow;
And again I see the dell
And the brook I loved so well,
Where I told life's old, sweet story, long ago;
But beyond a grassy knoll,
And I hear the church bells toll,
As it sends a message far along the surf,
For they gathered far and near,
And their hearts were sad and drear,
When they laid my sweetheart 'neath the turf.

AS I LAYE A-THINKYNGE.

The Last Lines of Thomas Ingolsby.

As I lay a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the birds as she sat upon the sprayе—
There came a noble knyghte,
With his hauberk shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and faye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the birde as she sat upon the tree;
There seemed a crimson plaine
Where a gallant knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with browne rein
Ran free.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely mayde came bye,
And a gentle youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe,
And a vowye;
As I lay a-thynkynge her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a use was there,
But a maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
'Mid the stars that seemed to ryse
As to her neste;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was expreste;
Follow, follow me awaye,
It boots not to delaye—
'Twas so she seemed to saye
"Here is Rest!"

"UNAWARES"

They said: "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at what house or home
The Master will chooose to stay."
Then I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How I would strive to entertain
And honor the Guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling,
To make my home more neat;
I swept and polished and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet.
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened, and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows,
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said: "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to,"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another,
A cripple, thin, pale and gray;
And said: "O, let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said: "I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot keep you today;
I look for a great and noble Guest,"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore onward swiftly,
And my task was nearly done;
And a prayer was ever in my heart,
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him,
And treat Him with utmost care;
When a little child stood by me,
With a face so sweet and fair.
Sweet, but with marks of teardrops,
And his clothes were tattered and old;
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said: "I am sorry for you;
You are surely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept over his blue-veined brow.
"Some one will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dusk alone.
Watched, but no footfall sounded;
No one paused at my gate;
No one entered my cottage door;
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come;
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home!"
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept;
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And his face was grieved and fair;
"Three times today I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted;
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed, and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And he said: "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, failing to comfort the least of mine,
Ye have failed to comfort me."

POEMS WANTED.

The following poem is asked for. Its opening lines are these:

Three years ago today we raised our hands to heaven,
And on the roll of muster our names were thirty-seven.

One of our readers would like to have the lines to: Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The Boatman's Welcome Home, or See, Brothers, See, How the Night Comes On, is much wished for.

This old-time song is requested: My buried friends, can I forget, or must the grave eternal sever?

My Mother's Song, written by Myron W. King, is requested. The first lines are:

Mid the far off hills, by a lonely cot,
Bloomed the rose, the vine, the forget-me-not.

A song that was sung in the Harrison campaign in 1840 is very much wanted. These are the opening lines:

"Oh, lonely is our old green fort;
Where oft is days of old,
Our gallant soldiers bravely fought."

A LITTLE CHAT.

Among the poems recently received in response to requests, are Two Portraits, Asters, and others too numerous to mention. We have an unusual and interesting collection of songs and stories, which only lack of space prevents prompt publishing. For the leader next week we shall print Evolution, by Langdon Smith.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

CRACKS FROM ECZEMA

Could Lay Slate Pencil in One—Hands in Dreadful State — Disease Defied Treatment for 7 Years.

PERMANENT CURE IN CUTICURA

"I had eczema on my hands for about seven years, and during that time I had used several so-called remedies, together with physicians' and druggists' prescriptions. The disease was so bad on my hands that I could lay a slate-pencil in one of the cracks and a rule placed across the hand would not touch the pencil. I kept using remedy after remedy, and while some gave partial relief, none relieved as much as did the first box of Cuticura Ointment. I made a purchase of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my hands were perfectly cured after two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of soap were used. I now keep them on hand for sunburn, etc., and use Cuticura Soap for shaving. W. H. Dean, Newark, Del., March 28, '07."

A CLEAN SWEEP OF DRYS

Victorious in Elections Held in Twelve Ohio Counties Yesterday.

Columbus, O., Sept. 30.—Twelve Ohio counties voted yesterday under the Rose county local option law and all went "dry" by majorities ranging from a few hundred to more than 2,000. The number of saloons affected is 332. Most of the counties are largely agricultural, but Scioto and Lawrence counties have a large urban population in Portsmouth and Ironton respectively. Altogether 16 of the 88 counties in the state have held local option elections and all have gone dry.

The total number of saloons affected is 430.

The smallest majority was recorded in Scioto county where the "drys" won by 281 votes.

The Anti-Saloon league had little hope of carrying Hocking county, and was greatly elated when the majority of 700 was rolled up. The league spent but $60 in the Hocking county campaign.

Surprise in Scioto.

The feature of the election was the carrying of Scioto county, which was conceded even by Anti-Saloon league officers to lean to the "wet" side of the fence. The "wets" carried the city of Portsmouth by 155 votes, but in the county the "dry" vote was "heavy" enough to bring the county into the temperance fold by 291 majority.

The balloting was not only a surprise in its general result in Scioto, but in the country and city poll, the "drys" falling far short of expectations in the country, while in the city the "wets" cast a total vote far under that conceded as probable by the temperance forces.

In Scioto fifty-five saloons were driven out, in Van Wert county, twenty-one. The result in Scioto, with the vote in the other counties of the Tenth Congressional district, makes that district entirely dry.

In the twelve counties only one distillery, that in Waverly, and one brewery, in Nelsonville, are driven from business. The district in which balloting was conducted is estimated to have a population of 400,000, with a number of big cities.

The vote was close in many of these cities, but returns are meagre. The majorities are as follows:

Athens, "dry" by 223 majority, a gain of 210 over the vote two years ago; Nelsonville, "dry" by 13 majority; Gallipolis, "dry" by a majority of 5; Ironton, "dry" by a majority of 67; Van Wert, "dry" by a majority of 199.

DEATH LIST NOW 10,000

Feared That Pestilence Will Follow Flood in India.

Hyderabad, India, Sept. 30.—It is feared that pestilence will follow the floods in the Hyderabad and Deccan districts as a result of the unprecedented rainfall of the past few weeks. The waters subsided yesterday, and the country is strewn with unburied bodies estimated to number not less than 1,000.

Later reports from the flooded districts point to a much heavier mortality than was at first supposed. The rescuers, up to the present time, have only touched the edge of the desolated area, but from the numbers of bodies already found it is feared that the fatalities will total several thousand. One report places the death list at 10,000.

The village of Ghoulgooda, which consisted of 1,000 houses on the bank of the River Musi, has been entirely engulfed in the mud.

GOMPERS SEES "CRISIS."

Thinks Sherman Law Is Menace to Labor Unions.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 30.—Before an audience which filled Tomlinson hall last night, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, attacked the Sherman anti-trust law and the recent decision of the United States supreme court, which declared that labor unions come within the scope of the Sherman law.

"Why, do you know that you people who toil and who are members of unions are members of a trust? And you officers who direct the unions, do you know you are trust magnates?" He declared that American labor was "confronted with a crisis."

BIG FARM PAPER A WHOLE YEAR FREE

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for a whole year if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 620 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

BULGARIANS SECEDE

Ferdinand Issues Proclamation Declaring Bulgaria an Independent Kingdom.

Paris, Oct. 5.—The Temps today publishes a dispatch from Vienna saying that the Bulgarian army is marching toward the frontier and that the Turks also are moving forward to the encounter. Austria-Hungary is mobilizing two army corps.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Oct. 5.—Bulgaria, a tributary principality under the suzerainty of the sultan of Turkey, today proclaimed her independence to Turkey, and war seems certain.

This action was taken at Tirnovo by Prince Ferdinand, who was elected Prince of Bulgaria in 1887. The Bulgarian cabinet was present with the prince, having met him yesterday at the frontier and journeyed with him to Tirnovo. The party reached Tirnovo last evening.

Tirnovo is the ancient capital of the kingdom of Bulgaria, and it was there, in the olden days, that the kings of Bulgaria were crowned.

The horizon is dark with war clouds and events threaten to change the political face of Europe.

Turkey will fight any attempt of Bulgaria to gain freedom and now has twenty regiments at the frontier, as opposed to eleven Bulgarian regiments. The Bulgarian soldiers are most enthusiastic. Both armies are swiftly mobolizing near the borders, and Prince Ferdinand's agents are buying ammunition and horses on an extensive scale.

Hostilities between Turkey and Bulgaria precipitated the Turko-Russian war of 1877-8, and it is feared that a similar rupture will again draw Russia into the conflict.

By the first article of the treaty of Berlin, July 13, 1878, the principality of Bulgaria was constituted, made tributary to Turkey and placed under the suzerainty of the sultan.

Turkey's Views.

Constantinople, Oct. 5.—Turkey is convinced that Austria, backed by Germany, encouraged Bulgaria to declare her independence in order to strike a blow at the Kaimil ministry and compromise the new constitution.

It is not known what steps Turkey will take, but the impression prevails that a European conference will be held to consider the whole matter.

France as Mediator.

Paris, Oct. 5.—France has decided to enact the role of mediator with the object of preventing war between Turkey and Bulgaria.

Foreign Minister Pichon already had begun a series of conferences with the diplomatic representatives of the powers with the idea of reaching an understanding the purpose of which should be the maintenance of peace.

The situation is considered most grave.

Germany's Attitude.

Berlin, Oct. 5.—News was received at the foreign office today that Bulgaria had proclaimed her independence at Tirnovo.

The Associated Press is authorized to state that Germany associates herself with the mediatory proposals submitted by Great Britain to the Turkish and Bulgarian governments.

It is recognized offcially that the Bulgarian proclamation gravely complicates the situation, but until the attitude of the sultan is known the German government is unable to foresee its course of action.

FACTS ABOUT BULGARIA.

Ruler—Prince Ferdinand.
Area—38,080 square miles.
Population—About 4,000,000.
Cradle of Old Slavic languages.
Government (Christian) is that of hereditary prince as chief executive, with ministers and legislative assembly elected by the people every three years.
Military service compulsory.
Pays annual tribute to Turkey.
But one railroad line, all traffic being by rivers.
Total war strength 365,000, of which 312,000 are classed as reserves. Available for duty unorganized, 125,000.

Turkey's War Strength.

Available for active service, 350,000 men; reserves, 493,000; total war strength, 845,000. Available for duty unorganized, 2,000,000.

CHINESE BOYCOTT BROKEN

Less Enmity Shown Japs and Their Vessels.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 3.—Chinese freight and passengers brought by the Japanese steamship Iyo from Yokohama and China ports yesterday indicate early dissolution of the Chinese boycott that has been directed against Japanese and Japanese vessels for nearly a year.

WISE MEN AGAIN LOOKING FOR BETHLEHEM'S STAR

Astronomers Throughout the World Await Reappearance of Famous Halley Comet, Believed to Be Body Mentioned in Scriptures.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Astronomers throughout the world are greatly interested in the expected reappearance of the famous Halley comet, and are speculating as to when it will flash across the heavens. At present this brilliant star is rushing from somewhere in illimitable space toward the sun, and every astronomer has a telescope pointed toward the path in which it is expected to appear.

At Rochester university, Prof. Howard Minchin is not behind his fellow astronomers in watching for the expected visitor, although he holds the opinion that the comet will not appear until the fall of 1910, if it follows previous periodic appearances. No matter when the comet appears, special interest attaches to its advent because it last appeared in 1835, before the introduction of present astronomical instruments and modern astronomers.

Another viewpoint is that the comet, or star, is supposed to be the star of Bethlehem, which guided the wise men to the stable in which Christ was born. The exact identity of the comet with the star of Bethlehem has not, however, been established, and remains a matter of controversy between scientists.

Prof. Halley discovered the comet in 1681. He soon determined that the comet had an elliptical orbit, unlike other comets, which usually follow a parabolic path and are seen but once. The Halley comet seems to have a period of seventy-six years, and Halley figured that its first appearance must have been about 12 B. C. This is used as an argument that it could not have been the star of Bethlehem. But supporters of the theory that the comet is really the star of Bethlehem say that there is nothing certain about either the first appearance of the comet or the exact period from which time is reckoned.

ILLINOIS MAYOR SHOOTS TO PUT AN END TO HAZING

Champaign, Ill., Oct. 3.—Wild with rage, Mayor Blaine, of Champaign, pulled his revolver and fired at a University of Illinois student, with whom the mayor had been having a hand to hand combat. The executive's aim was poor and the student, one of a large party engaged in hazing freshmen, escaped unscathed.

"I will shoot to kill the next time," said Blaine. "The militia ought to be called out."

The gun play was one of the features between the sophomore band and the local police, resulting in the arrest of five students, L. B. Smith, E. M. Benton, E. A. Stroud, H. A. Tupper and G. Wilcox, who were fined in the Champaign police court by Magistrate Rogerson after they had entered pleas of guilty to disorderly conduct and resisting officers. The mayor, censured by some, says that President James asked the authorities to arrest all students misconducting themselves.

TWO KILLED; MANY HURT

Serious Automobile Accidents in Three Cities.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 30.—Miss Katherine Hord was killed, Robert Payne was crippled and four other persons were severely bruised when an automobile collided with a street car at 28th street and Broadway, last night.

Boy Is Killed.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 30.—Pearl Guinard, aged 10, was killed and several other persons were injured last night when a motor car collided with and demolished a light road wagon in the suburbs.

Five Persons Injured.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 30.—Five persons were injured, two of them seriously, last night when a "sight seeing" automobile was caught and crushed between two street cars. The injured are J. R. Delaney, chauffeur, probably internal injuries; Blanche Delaney, of McKeesport, cousin of the chauffeur, probably internal injuries; motorman and two passengers riding on front platform of one of the cars, lacerated by flying glass.

Delaney was taking his cousin to a suburban train, when an East Liberty express suddenly approached at right angles. The chauffeur made a desperate effort to clear the track, but was caught by the express car and his machine was hurled against a Center and Negley car.

HANLY ASKS FOR PROBE

Declares That Bribery Charge Against Him Is False.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 30.—Governor Hanly read a message to the legislature in special session late yesterday afternoon demanding that a committee of four be appointed with full power to investigate the charge made against the governor by Representative Knisley, of the lower house, that the governor had offered him a position paying a salary of $2,000, if Knisley would support the county local option bill.

"If these charges are true," said Governor Hanley in his message, "the governor of Indiana should be impeached. If they are false, as I know them to be, their falsity should be established."

The house appointed a committee of two Democrats and two Republicans.

WEDS TWICE SO FAMILY NAME MAY LIVE FOREVER.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 30.—Henry T. Bosman, Hong Kong millionaire and a legislative member of the British colony, will not appeal from the order of deportation made when he landed in this city with two wives. Bosman's attorneys have advised him that such an appeal would be useless.

Although a British subject, Bosman bases his defense of polygamy upon the customs of the Chinese, from which race he is descended on his mother's side. "Polygamy is part of our religion that a family name may live forever. In my own home the taking of a second wife was suggested by my first wife, who desired that there should be descendants to worship at the family shrine," said Bosman.

COUNTESS LOST IN WILDS

Titled Huntress Swallowed by African Forests.

Los Angeles, Oct. 1.——Some months ago the Countess G. De Meherenc de St. Pierre, of St. Brienne, France, deposited with Charles A. Montgomery, of this city, former government scout and friend of President Roosevelt, $1,500 to be used to defray the expenses of a hunting trip in Mexico.

After months in which no word of the countess was received, the young woman's father last night furnished the information that the countess is lost somewhere in the wilds of Africa.

Countess de St. Pierre is known the world over for her exploits in the field and forest. Her last visit to California, a year ago, she passed in shooting wild boars in the delta of the Colorado river.

WOMEN IN BUCKET BRIGADE

Minnesota Village Nearly Destroyed by Fire.

St. Cloud, Minn., Oct. 3.—Foley, the county seat of Benson county, Minn., a village of 1,000 inhabitants, has been almost destroyed by fire. The fire is still raging and the bucket brigade, now including men and women, is working patiently. The damage is $75,000, fairly covered by insurance.

SNELL'S NIECE ANSWERS

Denies She Wrote Letters to Clinton Millionaire.

Clinton, Ill., Oct. 3.—Authorship of the letters alleged to have been written by Mabel Snell McNamara, of Kansas City, niece of the late Colonel Thomas Snell, a millionaire of Clinton, and which were a feature of the suit to break Snell's will, is emphatically denied in an answer filed yesterday in the Dewitt county court by the niece. The answer is made to a suit recently filed by the contesting heirs to have deeds of land, which Colonel Snell gave Mabel, set aside.

Mrs. McNamara denies receiving $100,000 in cash from the millionaire, but she admits receiving valuable property. She insists that she acted toward him only as a dutiful niece should. She does not deny corresponding with him, but does deny the letters attributed to her. This is the first legal reply made to the allegations made against her in the successful suit to break the will.

MRS. HAINS BLAMES DRUG

Says Confession of Guilt Was Not Voluntary.

New York, Oct. 1.—All doubt as to what would be the attitude of Mrs. Hains in the trial of her husband, Captain Peter Conover Hains, Jr., accused of the murder of William E. Annis at the Bayside, Long Island Yacht club in August, was dispelled yesterday by the inauguration by her of proceedings in the supreme court, Brooklyn, in which a general denial is made of the allegations of wrong doing which Captain Hains made in his suit for divorce against her and formed the basis of his defense for the shooting of Annis.

Mrs. Hains asks counsel fees to defend the divorce suit, allmony, and the custody of three children. Mrs. Hains alleges that the break between her and her husband was due to the poisoning of the latter's mind by her brother-in-law, Thornton J. Hains, whose enmity she had incurred, she asserts, by repulsing his advances.

The famous confession of her improper conduct, upon which the attorneys for Captain Hains have depended to prove their client's irresponsibility, is not repudiated, but the claim is advanced by Mrs. Hains that it was obtained from her while she was under the effect of a drug.

DEATHS HIGH AS 50,000

Bombay, Oct. 2.—The correspondent of a local newspaper who has reached Hyderabad, the capital of the flooded district, describes that city as a vast grave. It is impossible accurately to estimate the death roll in the stricken region, the correspondent declares, but some put it as high as 50,000. Six hundred bodies were taken out of the mud at one spot yesterday.

U. S. VESSEL IS WRECKED

Steamer Tarlack Is Driven Ashore—May Be Loss.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 1.—The Merchants' Exchange has received a cable from Manila stating that the U. S. steamer Tarlack was caught in a gale on September 23 and driven ashore on Borongan island, one of the Samoan group. It is thought the vessel will be a total loss.

$10,000 REWARD OFFERED

Millionaire Dexter Determined to Find Son's Slayer.

New York, Sept. 30.—Firm in his belief that evidence exists which could bring about the arrest and conviction of his son's murderer, Henry Dexter, multimillionaire, has made the announcement that he will pay $10,000 for such evidence. Mr. Dexter's son, Orlando Perry Dexter, was shot from ambush on the Dexter estate in the Odirondacks in 1903.

FIGHT DEPOSIT GUARANTEE

Repudiate Ideas Where Democrats Hatched Them.

Denver, Colo., Sept. 30.—Today the regular business sessions of the American Bankers' association opened in the city auditorium, where the Democratic national convention adopted a platform favoring guarantee of bank deposits by national law. The bankers today repudiated the ideas as dangerous to the prosperity of the country.

Already the savings bank section, the clearing house section and the trust company section had gone on record against guaranteeing bank deposits, and had either voted against or shown by their attitude that they were unalterably opposed to the establishment of postal savings banks.

The keynote was struck today in the speech of Col. J. D. Powers, president of the association, who declared the bank deposit guarantee was a dangerous fallacy. A vote on these two propositions will probably not be taken before tomorrow.

TAFT FAIR TO LABOR

Refuses Temporary Injunction Before Defendants Have Hearing.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 1.—The Leader today says: Records of the United States circuit court show that William H. Taft was one of the first United States circuit court judges to demand plaintiffs and defendants in injunction proceedings to appear in court before he would consent to issue even a temporary restraining order.

Books of the clerk of the United States circuit court show that on September 26, 1898, when Mr. Taft was acting as circuit judge of the northern district of Ohio, in the case of the American Steel and Wire company against Wire Drawers and Tiemakers' unions, No. 1 and No. 3, Cleveland members of the Federated Wire Trades of America, he refused to grant even a temporary injunction.

These records show that Judge Taft, sitting in the place of Judge Ricks, demanded that the employer plaintiffs present affidavits by October 1 of that year showing their claims, and that the defendants appear in court with affidavits and testimony on October 11, to show why the injunction should not be granted.

Cross-Examines Witnesses.

Judge Taft demanded the right to cross-examine all witnesses in the order for a hearing. The injunction was finally granted by Judge E. S. Hammond, of Memphis, Tenn., sitting by designation as United States circuit court in the northern district of Ohio.

Prior to Judge Taft's decision that a hearing must be given before temporary restraining orders are issued against labor organizations, only one similar case had ever been filed in the United States circuit court against a labor union. That case was filed by the Consolidated Steel and Wire company, April 9, 1897. An injunction was asked against P. J. Maudie lodge, No. 1, and Banner lodge, No. 2, of the Rod Mill Workers of America.

Judge George R. Sage, sitting by designation as circuit court judge for the United States at Cleveland, received the application of the Consolidated, and immediately issued a temporary injunction, establishing a precedent in Ohio in such cases. The hearing on the injunction, which was made permanent later, lasted for several days, but the restraining order in this case was granted upon demand, without the provision that parties to the suit appear in court to argue their claims.

In the case in which Judge Taft ruled concerning hearings in injunction proceedings, two weeks elapsed before final authority was given to prevent labor unions from interfering with the employes of the H P mill of the American Steel and Wire company. In the prayer for the temporary injunction the superintendent of the HP plant, Frank Baackes, claimed that Mayor McKisson, of Cleveland, and Director of Police Barrett refused to give him and his plant protection.

SUMMER HOTELS BURNED

Winthrop Beach Guests Routed by Midnight Fire.

Boston, Oct. 3.—Cresthall and Ocean View hotels, with three large summer cottages, occupying one of the most beautiful spots on "The Crest" at Winthrop Beach, were destroyed by fire early today, with a loss estimated at $175,000.

Cresthall was owned by Fred Hall and the Ocean View by Mrs. J. B. O'Brien. Fifty guests at Cresthall and thirty at the Ocean View escaped, and some from the Ocean View were able to save a part of their effects. The cottages were owned by M. H. Powers, of Hyde Park, and by the George Millbank estate and Walter Haynes, of Revere.

The fire started at midnight in the kitchen of Cresthall. A strong northeast wind swept the flames directly down the beach, and only the timely arrival of aid from Boston, Chelsea and Revere saved a large part of the valuable ocean front.

TAFT REPLIES TO BRYAN

Accepts Challenge in Nebraskan's Home Town.

Indorses and Proves Strength of Roosevelt's Stand on Campaign Funds.

Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 1.—Accepting the challenge of William J. Bryan, right in the home city of the Nebraskan, William H. Taft last night not only indorsed President Roosevelt's position on the question of the publicity of campaign contributions, but defended it with arguments to defend that position as sound from the standpoint of public good and to show that Bryan's position was one simply for pre-election effect.

Mr. Taft made eleven speeches in Nebraska yesterday before reaching Lincoln and five speeches in Lincoln last night.

Mr. Bryan arrived in Lincoln at 4 this morning, after campaigning nearly a month in the east, the middle west and the northwest.

Clinton, Ill., Oct. 1.—The speech-making campaign via trolley car through this section that is being conducted by James S. Sherman, reached this place early today from Decatur. Mr. Sherman, who was greeted by banner and called as "Sunny Jim," was much delighted, as was also Congressman Longworth, hailed as "Nick" and "Teddy's boy." Mr. Sherman discussed the tariff.

ELEVEN DIE IN FIRE

Dozen Injured and Thirty Just Escape Death in Gotham Tenement.

New York, Oct. 5.—Eleven persons were killed, more than a dozen injured, and thirty just escaped death in an incendiary fire which wrecked a tenement house at 71½ Mulberry street early today. That a deliberate attempt was made to destroy the house and its occupants the police and firemen do not doubt.

Three barrels stuffed with rubbish and soaked with oil were blazing fiercely in the lower hall, cutting off the escape of the fifty or more persons sleeping on the upper floors. Some of these died in their beds, overcome by smoke and then caught by the flames.

Leap from Windows.

Others, who had been aroused too late, fell unconscious before they could reach a window and were burned to death scarcely an arm's length from safety. Many were injured by jumping from upper windows to the street or by being crushed as they fought for positions of safety on the choked fire-escapes.

DRYS' BIG MAJORITY

Vote Saloons Out of Delaware County by Excess Vote of 2,149.

Columbus, Oct. 2.—Delaware county was added to the list of "dry" Ohio counties yesterday, the temperance forces winning in a bitterly contested election by a majority reported in unofficial returns to be 2,149. More than 7,000 votes were cast in the county, the greatest vote cast except in 1896, when Bryan polled an abnormal vote in the county.

The existence of fifteen saloons, all in the city of Delaware, was at stake in the election. The townships had voted out the saloons and the towns of Ashley and Sunbury also had been "dry" for some time. The temperance forces were well organized and employed carriages and automobiles in getting out the vote, while the "wets," who had conducted a campaign unmarked by public meetings, brought every voter with "wet" leanings to the polls.

The unofficial returns show that the "wet" forces carried only two of the city precincts, the balance of the city and the towns and townships going "dry."

The city of Delaware, which five years ago went "wet" by 574, yesterday voted "dry" by a majority of 528.

Make Three Arrests.

One arrest was made for alleged illegal voting, E. P. Wood, whose wife and family are said to live in Cleveland, thus making his voting residence Cleveland, being accused of casting his ballot illegally. He was released under $500 bond, pending a hearing. Two arrests of saloonkeepers, Frank Krauskopf and Fred Meyer, charged with opening their places of business while the polls were open, also were made.

Delaware, the seventeenth county in Ohio to vote under the Rose law, and the seventeenth to vote out the saloons, was the only county in Ohio in which a special election was conducted yesterday. Brown county, on the Ohio river, is to vote today under the Rose law. Saturday the most desperate stand of the "wet" forces thus far in the campaign against the saloons is to be made in Columbiana county. A Rose law election will be held also on that day in Ashtabula county.

The "wets" petitioned for the election in Columbiana county and are battling to save the saloons under the advantage of sentiment against the present "dry" status of East Liverpool, the pottery city, which was voted "dry" some months ago. Alleged desertion of several scores of business blocks in East Liverpool because of the temperance victory in the city election has been an argument of the "wet" forces over the state, with the assertion that East Liverpool regrets its action. The vote Saturday for that reason may affect late Rose law elections in other counties. Both the "wet" and "dry" forces in Columbiana express confidence of victory.

TAFT IS CONFIDENT

Candidate Expresses Personal Opinion of Outcome of the Campaign.

Omaha, Oct. 2.—"I am going to be elected president of these United States next November."

In these words, before a great audience in the Auditorium, William H. Taft, the Republican nominee for the presidency, expressed his personal opinion of the outcome of the campaign.

"From my own observations in this great campaign," he continued, "my experience with the people of the central states and the great northwest, where I have been received with the utmost enthusiasm and have witnessed the sympathetic responses of the voters to my appeals, I can see nothing but assurances that the Republican electors will be victorious. In Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Iowa and Nebraska I believe that the majority of the voters are assuredly going to cast their ballots for me for president of these United States."

This utterance from the former Secretary of war aroused prolonged cheers from the audience.

EVELYN CAN'T ENTER JAIL

Refused Permission to See Thaw at White Plains.

White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was refused admission to the White Plains jail when she called there to visit her husband. Mrs. Thaw, who drove to White Plains in an automobile, was met at the jail entrance by Keeper John Hill.

"I am sorry, but you cannot be admitted to the jail," he informed her. "Sheriff Lane has issued strict orders that Harry Thaw is to receive no visitors, and he will not be permitted to give out any statements."

VINDICATION FOR HANLY

Hoosier Senate and House Take Unanimous Action.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 1.—The legislative inquiry into the bribery charges made against Governor Hanly and Senator Wickwire by Representative Knisely ended in a complete vindication for the governor, a finding that Representative Knisely would not have accepted a bribe if tendered, and the making of a scapegoat of Senator Wickwire by the house.

A resolution of confidence in Senator Wickwire was adopted by the senate. The house report took Representative Knisely mildly to task for making his affidavit and declared Senator Wickwire had no authority to offer any position, if he did tender such, for a vote on county option. The house report was unanimous. Both houses adjourned until tomorrow.

140 PERSONS DROWNED.

Ferry Sinks and Mob Burns Company Offices.

Smyrna, Oct. 1.—Infuriated by the belief that the fatal ferry disaster, which occurred here yesterday, was due to the fact that the captain of the Turkish steamer which ran down the ferry boat was absent from his post, a mob of the populace today descended upon the offices of the Hamideeh company, the owners of the steamer, and burned them to the ground. The piers and landing stages of the company also were destroyed by fire.

One hundred and forty persons were drowned when the ferry boat sank.

$4,000 FOR AEROPLANE.

Lorin Wright Says Factory May Be Built at Dayton.

Dayton, O., Oct. 1.—Lorin Wright, brother of the famous aeroplane inventors, said today:

"If fifty aeroplanes are to be manufactured for French use, they will be made in France by a syndicate. My brothers have been thinking for more than a year of starting a factory in Dayton. The aeroplane cannot be made to sell for $2,000 and leave a margin of profit. It will probably sell for about $4,000."

LIVE GERMS CURE LEPROSY

New Zealand Patient Is Discharged After 11 Months.

Wellington, New Zealand, Oct. 2.—Interest not unmixed with apprehension has been aroused here by the discharge of a Maori patient from the leper station with a clean bill of health. The man was at the station for only eleven months. The chief health officer, Dr. Mason, says the patient was cured by injections of the leprosy bacillus. This treatment is the discovery of Prof. Deycke Pasha, director of the Imperial Medical School of Constantinople, and Reschad Bey, senior physician of the same institution.

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2 Gallons for $5. of thoroughly matured highest medicinal, STRAIGHT Rye or Bourbon or one gallon each, in Myers' patent glass demijohns, and to prove FULTON is the best Whiskey, you need

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We ship on 30 days' credit if you have your merchant or bank write us guaranteeing account. No C.O.D. **FREE**—4 miniature bottles of Selected Fulton with each 2 gallon demijohn or 8 quart bottle order accompanied with cash. **Full Quart Bottles of Rye or Bourbon are expressed prepaid in plain boxes, either 4 for $5., 8 for $6. or 12 for $9.** If not satisfied with goods, return, and if paid for all your money will be refunded by first mail.

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SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y No. 22, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

ROOSEVELT AGAIN IN EIGHT YEARS, SAYS LONGWORTH

Rock Island, Ill., Oct. 3.—"Theodore Roosevelt for president again eight years from now," was the declaration of the president's son-in-law, Congressman Nicholas Longworth, in a speech he made yesterday on the grounds of the Tri-State exposition to a large audience that cheered the sentiment again and again.

Mr. Longworth's statement was made during the course of a eulogy and defense of the president's administration. He first proposed the Republican leader for the next eight years be William H. Taft, who, if elected, as the speaker declared he was confident he would be, should be returned to that office for a second term.

Following Mr. Taft as president, seriously declared Mr. Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt should be returned to the chair for the next eight years.

The speaker sharply attacked Mr. Bryan's political policies, charging him with the theft of Roosevelt's ideas, likening him to the fabled ass which masqueraded in the lion's skin. Mr. Longworth asserted that Bryan would be defeated for the presidency at the polls in November as the result of the statements issued from the White House by President Roosevelt.

He urged his hearers to rise up and aid in defeating the Democratic leader, and save the country from the "recklessly radical and Socialistic ideas" promulgated by Mr. Bryan.

CHIEF IS FEUD VICTIM

Benjamin Zimmerman Reported Killed, and Fears of Virginians Are Quieted.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 2.—The report that Benjamin Zimmerman, leader of the Zimmerman-Thomas gang, has been killed, has greatly allayed excitement in Arvonia, but in the outlying districts, where the houses are several miles from each other, the people still fear visitations from the outlaws.

Edmund W. Hubbard, commonwealth's attorney of Buckingham county, yesterday telegraphed the justice of the peace in Arvonia to summon eighty men and to form squads of twenty to scour the country for the desperadoes. Mr. Hubbard acted after consultation with Governor Swanson.

Benjamin Zimmerman is reported dead from wounds inflicted by one of the desperadoes. The murder is the result of an old grudge between the victim and his slayer. Some time ago Zimmerman is alleged to have attempted an assault on Newton's wife, and after the warrant was sworn out for his arrest, to have threatened his brother-in-law.

Members of the gang have been sighted in the woods between the Slate and James rivers, but no one has got within earshot of them.

Newspaper men received word today that they would be shot on sight and that it would be well for them to leave the village. The bearer of the message, a citizen of some prominence, would not divulge the name of the sender. He repeated the message several times, and the reporters took him at his word.

ROOSEVELT MAY STUMP

Statements to the Contrary Not So Emphatic Now.

Washington, D. C., October 2.—Notwithstanding the continued denials that President Roosevelt will not take the stump, it is confidently believed in political circles here that before three weeks will have elapsed the President will have availed himself of some of the many opportunities to make public appearance and take occasion to continue his work in behalf of Candidate Taft.

This is brought about by reason of the fact that the denials, which have not been so strenuous yesterday and today, are qualified with the statement that the President does not intend at this time to go on the stump. When the President announced yesterday that he would not reply to Bryan's last letter, it was pretty generally believed the only thing that will keep him in the White House until election day would be plain evidence that there is a landslide brewing for Taft.

SEES BEAR KILL CHILD

Mother and Baby Attacked by Runaway Beast.

Tucson, Ariz., Oct. 5.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at Elysian Grove, a pleasure park, when an immense black bear escaped from a cage keeper and charged a throng of visitors. The bear had been in the habit of drinking soda pop at the bar and when he escaped he went there. The beast became enraged and charged the crowd.

The wife of a Southern Pacific employe, Buss Laird, ran with a go-cart containing an infant. The bear pursued and snatched the infant and crushed it to death before its mother's eyes. It was attacking the woman when a shot from a policeman's revolver stopped it. The bystanders opened a fusillade and killed the bear with a score of bullets.

MANN IS ELECTED BISHOP

Will Fill Vacancy Caused by Death of Satterlee.

Washington, Oct. 2.—Dr. Alexander Mann, of Trinity Episcopal church, Boston, Mass., was last night elected bishop of the diocese of Washington on the seventh ballot. Bishop Brent, of the Philippines, had twice declined the honor after being elected at previous conventions. The vacancy was caused by the death of Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee.

BATTLE IN MINDANAS

Manila, Oct. 3.—A belated report received today from the island of Mindanao tells of a battle between scouts and outlaw Moros in which more than a dozen casualties occurred.

An outpost company of scouts was attacked on Keithley road by a band of fifty Moros. In the first sudden onslaught one of the scouts was killed and two were wounded. The company rallied, however, driving off the superior force with a loss of nine natives killed and several wounded.

7,000 BODIES FOUND

Bombay, Oct. 3.—Nearly 7,000 bodies already have been found in the department of Hyderabad, and the belief prevails that the total death roll resulting from the floods that devastated the Hyderabad and Deccan districts a week ago will exceed all previous estimates.

BLOOD FLOWS IN STRIKE

Taxicab Company Chauffeurs Out and Disorder Is the Result.

New York, Oct. 5.—Scenes of disorder occurred in many parts of the city yesterday as a result of the strike of the chauffeurs of the New York Taxicab company, declared Saturday. One strikebreaker was probably fatally injured, others were painfully beaten and several of the red taxicabs were damaged.

Only eighty cars were sent from the garage during the day, and each was manned by a chauffeur and a special policeman. Many of the machines returned to the garage with broken windows, dented sides and punctured tires, having been bombarded with stones and other missiles.

Alexander Schenck, chauffeur, was attacked in front of the Knickerbocker club, Fifth avenue. A dozen men pulled Schenck from the box and beat him until he was senseless. Schenck has concussion of the brain and a dislocated shoulder and was otherwise injured.

JAPS HAVE A WAR SCARE

Amoy People Flee and Alarmists are Beaten.

Amoy, Oct. 2.—Local agitators have been circulating a report that the American battleship fleet, which will visit this port the end of October, purposes to seize Amoy as a base of operations in a forthcoming war against Japan. The people became alarmed and many left the city. To prevent a general exodus the municipal authorities issued a proclamation forbidding people going to the interior to take heavy baggage with them.

Two of the agitators have been arrested and punished with severe whippings. They were given 1,500 blows each.

CHICAGO POLITICIANS BUSY

Seek to Make 270,000 Voters Visit Polling Places.

Chicago, Oct. 3.—Registration of voters made necessary by the law, which requires a new registry list of electors every two years, kept the election officials busy today in the 1,256 precincts in Chicago. Politicians of high and low degree were active from morning to night, impressing citizens with the necessity of visiting the polling places.

Republican and Democratic chiefs predicted an unusually heavy registration would be made, and it was estimated at least 270,000 voters would file their names with the precinct judges.

FIVE NEGROES DROWNED

Rowboat Upset—Two of Victims Women.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 5.—A rowboat capsized in the Tennessee river yesterday and five negro occupants were drowned. Two of the victims were women.

TRY THEM FREE

I Want to Prove to You That Trusight Spectacles Are the Best You Ever Wore.

Simply Send Me Your Name.

I will send you my perfect Trusight Eye Tester with which you can test your own eyes as well as the most skilled optician. When you return the tester with your test I will send you a pair of **Genuine Trusight Spectacles** that will surely fit you **on 6 days' free trial.** I won't ask for a cent of money—no deposit—not even a reference. You wear the glasses in your own home for six days and if perfectly satisfactory **in every way**—if they are the best glasses you ever saw **at any price**—send me only $1 and the glasses are yours. If the glasses for any reason do not suit you—if you don't believe them to be the best bargain you ever had—return them and you are out nothing. It is because I am so positive that you can see better with **Trusight Spectacles** than with common glasses that I want to send a pair especially fitted to your eyes on **6 days' free trial.** Send for tester today. **TRUSIGHT SPECTACLE CO., 1642 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

SOMETHING NEW, DIFFERENT, UNEXPECTED.

Readers listen sharp, don't miss! Investigate—best thing ever happened. Hundred years coming—here at last. Full grown. So startling you may not believe at first. Astonishing, yet absolutely true.

INGENIOUS OHIOAN INVENTS A NEW DEVICE THAT CLEANS FAMILY WASHING IN 30 TO 50 MINUTES, WHILE YOU REST. No rubbing, no chemicals, no motor.

SEE HOW SIMPLE, EASY, DIFFERENT. Thousands of users praise it. Circulars sent free, give full details.

NO SUCH DEVICE SOLD IN STORES—DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU HAVE SEEN. Nothing else like it—great seller—enormous demand. Customers delighted. R. O. Cowan, N. Y., places 13 in 6 hours. (profit $39.00). Mrs. J. Brown, Pa., sold 10 in 3 days, (profit $30.00). You can do the same.

Miracles don't happen now, but listen—there's no more wash day troubles—now dead, wiped out, forgotten. There's new invented device for cleaning clothes—nothing like it. Good-bye to wash boards, washing machines, troubles, etc.—Their day is passed. "Easy Way" of cleaning clothes is here to bless our dear women. Invention that killed wash day is small—called "Easy Way," not human. If it had life it would have a stomach. It's claimed a stomach has millions of small tissues, each with a kind of suction. This apparatus has no stomach, yet there's things inside, things that move—a place for dirt—has awful appetite for dirt—goes after all the dirt in all clothes at same time. Small, but mighty—silent, but powerful.

Operated on stove—water inside, then soap, then clothes—move knob occasionally. Dirt lets go as hot water, suds, scalding steam and vapor begin movements. 8 to 10 minutes—clothes clean—rinse, dry, that's all! Next batch same operation—same water—30 to 50 minutes family washing clean. You just wait between batches—child can do it. Laundries clean clothes without rubbing,—The "Easy Way" does the same at your home. Does the combined work of wash boiler, wash board and washing machine. When through, set away on shelf—that's all—no more attention. No wood, all metal, sanitary, should last lifetime, light, easy handled. Woman's God-send. Cleans laces, white goods, bed clothes, woolens, colored clothes, etc., without injury—no rubbing, no chemicals. Saves drudgery, clothes, labor, fuel, health and looks. No experiment—going on daily—you can do it. Customers everywhere delighted and praise it. LAURETTA MITCHELL, O., writes:—"Done big washing with 'Easy Way' in 45 minutes. Sold 3 already." J. W. MEYERS, Ga., orders 12 more, says:—"'Easy Way' greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash day." F. E. POST, Pa.—"Done 2 weeks' washing in 45 minutes. Clothes cleaned without rubbing." I. N. BARRETT, of Ark., after ordering 36, says:—"Grandest invention I ever heard of."

Price, only $6.00 complete—ready to use—sent anywhere—not sold in stores. Guaranteed satisfactory, or your money refunded. Send no money, simply your name and address. Circulars, testimonials, free.

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SERVIA IN WAR GAME

Ukase Calls Out All Army Reserves, Numbering 120,000 Men.

SITUATION IN BALKANS.

Servia issues call for 120,000 reserve troops.

Servians in favor of war against Austria-Hungary because Francis Joseph purposes annexing provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Young Turks may force war in the Balkans.

Eastern Roumelia in wild demonstration over Bulgaria's declaration of Independence.

Trukey urges international conference to consider situation with view to preventing actual warfare.

Bulgarians would welcome war and continue preparations.

Belgrade, Servia, Oct. 6.—A ukase calling out all the army reservists of the first class is published here today. These reservists total 120,000 men.

It is explained officially that this step is taken because many time-expired soldiers are to leave the ranks October 14, and in view of the situation in neighboring Balkan states, and especially the inflamed state of Servia itself, it has been deemed advisable to fill up in advance the vacancies thus to be created.

Telegrams recived here from the provinces show great enthusiasm in favor of a war against Austria-Hungary, for the reason that Emperor Francis Joseph's proposal to annex the occupied provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina threatens to them in Servia, on the west. Furthermore the majority of the population of Bosnia are Servians and they are bitterly opposed to annexation.

Where Danger Lies.

London, Oct. 6.—The danger of war in the Balkans is believed to lie in precipitate action at Constantinople. Forced by the "Young Turks" party, which may fear a blow at its prestige if it acquiesces in the loss of Bulgaria, and by the military party, which wants to restore the old order of things, it is feared that Turkey, although ill prepared both from a financial and military standpoint, may proclaim war. Should this be the case the efforts of the powers will then be directed to limiting the war to Bulgaria and Turkey.

According to information received here Bulgaria would welcome war, as the Bulgarians are convinced that their army could march straight to Constantinople before the Turkish forces could be mobilized.

Constantinople, Oct. 6.—The council of ministers held a long session this morning to consider the action of Bulgaria in declaring her independence of Turkey at Tirnova yesterday. It was decided that it was impossible to accept any proceedings that violated existing treaties, and that Turkey should address a circular note to the powers pointing out the necessity of taking measures to enforce respect for the treaty of Berlin.

Replying to the telegram sent to the Turkish government by Prince Ferdinand, in which he said that in declaring the independence of Bulgaria he had been compelled to respect the voice of the nation and expressed the hope that the friendly relations between the two countries would continue, Turkey says she has invited the powers to confer on the situation, and as her rights are guaranteed by the powers she will look to them for their defence.

The Yenai Gazette, the organ of the grand vizier, says today: "We are ready to defend our rights, with all our strength."

According to this same journal Austria-Hungary has informed the powers of her intention of withdrawing her troops from the Sanjak of Novipazar.

Philippopolois, Eastern Rumelia, Oct. 6.—The official announcement of the Independence of Bulgaria made at Tirnova yesterday by Prince Ferdinand has been enthusiastically received in this city, the capital of eastern Rumelia. Today the church bells are ringing and large crowds, headed by bands, are parading the streets and holding peaceful demonstrations in front of the various consulates. "Emperor" Ferdinard is expected to arrive here shortly.

1,500 CHILDREN IN PERIL

Plot to Blow Up a New York School Found.

New York, Oct. 6.—Parents of children who attend public school No. 6, the largest in the Bronx, were greatly excited yesterday when a report was given wide circulation that the janitor had found a charge of dynamite, with fulminating wires attached, in a section of the foundation walls of the building. About 1,500 children attend the school. The janitor discovered evidences of what was believed to be an attempt to blow up the school building. Since then the police have been working on the case, and an officer constantly has patrolled the street in front of the school.

MAN AND WIFE IN PEN.

San Bernardino, Cal., Oct. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scott, keepers of the Salt Lake railroad pumping plant at Dry Lake, have been sentenced to the district court at Poch to serve twenty years each in the penitentiary for the brutal shooting of Joseph Webb, a workingman.

LAND FORCES OF THE COUNTRIES THAT MAY BE INVOLVED IN BALKAN TROUBLE

	Available for Active Service.	Reserves.	Total War Strength.	Available Unorganized
Bulgaria	52,500	312,500	365,000	125,000
Turkey	350,000	495,000	845,000	2,000,000
Russia	1,100,000	700,000	1,800,000	9,600,000
Austria-Hungary	409,000	381,000	790,000	4,700,000
Germany	613,000	1,227,000	1,840,000	5,500,000
France	529,000	761,000	1,290,000	3,500,000
Great Britain	263,000	487,000	750,000	4,000,000

RATES FROM TOLEDO TOLD BY A STANDARD WITNESS

Chicago, Oct. 6.—Counsel for the defense in the suit of the government to dissolve the Standard Oil company, introduced testimony yesterday before Judge Franklin Ferriss in the railroad rate phase of the case tending to disprove the government's contention that the oil company was the recipient of preferential rates in the shipment of oil and oil products from its various refineries.

The only witness examined was Henry E. Felton, president of the Union Tank Line, and the general traffic manager of the Standard Oil company, who contrasted the rates between Whiting, Ind., and Cairo, Ill., Evansville, Ind., Jeffersonville, Ind., and Cincinnati, on the direct lines and the rates by way of Detroit and Toledo.

In substance, the testimony was that the Ohio river points, being known as the southern gateways and being about equi-distant from Whiting or Chicago, received the same rates and that the same rate was made by the railroads running through Detroit and Toledo in order to get business.

The Evansville rate of 11 cents from Chicago, the witness said, governed the rate from Chicago to Toledo, which was 10 cents. The distances from Cleveland, Toledo and Pittsburg to the southern gateways, being varied, gave a different rate to those points, the witness said, and consequently, the rate west from Toledo to Chicago exceeded the rate going east, although both were under the rulings of the interstate commerce commission.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

"WETS" WIN ONE COUNTY

First Victory for Liquor Forces in County Option Elections.

SALOONS MUST CLOSE 30 DAYS AFTER ELECTION.

Saloons in territory voted dry under the Rose county option law must be closed 30 days after the special election. The maximum penalty for violation of the law is a fine of $500 and on second conviction of the proprietor of a saloon in dry territory the court must declare the saloon a public nuisance and order it abated.

Columbus, O., Oct. 6.—The wets won their first victory yesterday in the Ohio county option election contests, when they carried Defiance county by 801. The "drys," who previously had carried 22 counties under the Rose law, yesterday carried six more by majorities as follows: Union, 1,803; Champaign, 2,046; Madison, 1,177; Logan, 1,847; Pickaway, 199; Wood, 1,600.

The six counties carried by the "drys" contain a population of over 200,000 people. A total of 189 saloons have been put out of business. This makes a grand total of 863 saloons that have been voted out in the 28 counties that have gone "dry" under the Rose law. Five more had been previously voted dry under the Beal township option law.

The saloons in the counties where the elections were held yesterday are Champaign, 25; Defiance, 24; Logan, 18; Madison, 27; Pickaway, 27; Union, 18; Wood, 50. Elections will be held today in Paulding and Wyandot counties. There is an especially bitter fight in Paulding.

Defiance city gave the wets a majority of 1,000 yesterday. Seven townships out of twelve gave slight dry majorities, but the balance gave a good-sized wet majority. In Defiance is located the Chris. Diehl Brewing company and two manufacturers of steel beer cases—the American Steel Package company and the Defiance Pressed Steel company. There are 19 saloons in Defiance city and 24 saloons in all the county.

Big Vote in Pickaway.

Circleville, the county seat of Pickaway county, cast 1,940 votes and went wet by 699 votes. Outside of the city twenty-three precincts voted 986 dry and 151 wet, overwhelming the city vote 3,009. Twenty-four saloons were voted out. The county is nominally Democratic by 800 majority. Five thousand votes were cast.

Madison county was swept by the temperance forces. Returns from twenty-six precincts in the county show a majority of 1,177 for the drys. The wets carried but one precinct in the county, the second ward in London. There also were also drowned.

Belated reports from all sections show that the storm which reached here on Sunday began on September 23 and did damage throughout the area affected amounting to several thousand dollars.

TO DISCUSS RESOURCES

Nineteenth Trans-Mississippi Congress in Session.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 6.—The nineteenth Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress, with a thousand or more delegates from the western half of the United States attending, all of them men of high position in the affairs of the nation and of their respective states, began its five-day deliberation here today.

Temporary Chairman J. B. Case, of Abilene, Kan., called the delegates to order and in his opening remarks pointed the way for the many prominent speakers who are to follow him, dwelling at some length on the vast work that there is to be done in the way of conservation of natural resources and expansion of important industries to a far wider scope than has yet been attempted. Among the delegates were the representatives of 18 states, four territories and six foreign countries, while the national government was also represented in the person of W. B. Wheeler, assistant secretary of commerce and labor.

BISHOP TIERNEY IS DEAD

Connecticut Clergyman Succumbs to Stroke of Apoplexy.

Hartford, Conn., Oct. 6.—The long and busy life of the Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, bishop of Hartford, ended at 3:09 yesterday afternoon, when he succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy which he suffered Saturday evening. In the sick room at the time were gathered many of the priests of the diocese in addition to the clergymen of the household and of St. Joseph's cathedral, a number of members of religious orders and the immediate relatives of the prelate.

MANY DIE IN TYPHOON

All Passengers and Crew of Ship, but One, Drown.

Ten of Another Vessel Lost—Belated Reports Show Great Damage.

Manila, Oct. 6.—Restored communication with the northern part of the island of Luzon discloses the fact that the typhoon which raged in this harbor last Sunday extended over a wide area and did considerable damage. The artillery barracks at Stotesenburg were destroyed by the storm and the troops are now camping in tents. The cavalry barracks were also badly damaged and the total loss at the post is estimated at $50,000.

The schooners Lucia and Soledad were wrecked on the coast of Mindora during the storm on Sept. 27 and all the passengers and crew of the Soledad, but one, were drowned. Captain J. C. Heinschein and nine members of the crew of the Lucia were also drowned.

Belated reports from all sections show that the storm which reached here on Sunday began on September 23 and did damage throughout the area affected amounting to several thousand dollars.

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS.

SALESMEN in MEN—WOMEN—all or spare time at home or traveling—showing—taking orders—appointing agents—"Easy Way" new. Wonderful seller—Agents reaping harvest of dollars. When operated, people stop, look, see, go buy. O. O. Garrett, of Ohio, showed 7 families, sold 6, (profit $18.00). A. B. Verrett, of La., sold 8 one day, (profit $24.00). Mrs. Gerrish ordered sample—then dozen—then 100, (profit over $300). Write for FREE Sample 1908 offer, etc.

Costs Nothing To Investigate—Write Today—Do It Now.

N. Y. VOTERS STAY AT HOME

First Day's Registration 28,474 Less Than in 1904.

New York, Oct. 6.—A general falling off in the number of voters registered on the first day of registration, as compared with the last presidential year, 1904, was noted yesterday. The apparent apathy is explained in a great measure, however, by the new formalities required to be gone through this year by intending voters. The total for the greater city is 227,588, or 28,474 less than the first day's figures four years ago.

FOUR KILLED BY MOB

Three Other Children Are Wounded and May Die of Their Injuries.

Hickman, Ky., Oct. 5.—David Walker, a negro, his five-year-old daughter, and his baby were killed outright; the mother, who was holding the baby in her arms, was fatally shot, dying later, and three other children will probably die as a result of a mob's visit to the Walker home. In addition, the oldest son is missing, and is supposed to have been burned with the negro's cabin, which was fired by the mob.

Walker had cursed a white woman and threatened a white man with a pistol, it is said. When the mob of about fifty men ordered him to come from his house, he replied with a shot. The torch was then applied to the house and as the occupants came out they were shot down.

Contractor Murdered.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 5.—Henry C. Risley, a contractor, last night was shot and killed. The family had been attending church and on returning home found Mr. Risley lying in bed and a double-barrel shotgun, both barrels of which had been fired, lying about twelve feet away. The evidence shows that the house had been forcibly entered and Mr. Risley shot as he slept. No motive for the deed has yet been found as nothing in the house was disturbed.

HAS A STRENUOUS SMILE

Woman Loses Voice When "Sunny Jim" Beams.

Vincennes, Ind., Oct. 5.—"I'd rather get down among you and shake hands than stand up here on the platform facing off oratorical stars and hurling bouquets at the Republican party," declared James S. Sherman, when his special train made a five-minute stop here. Suiting action to word, the candidate nimbly climbed down into the crowd and began vigorous handshaking. One of the first to grasp his hand was a woman, who was so flustered by "Sunny Jim's" beaming smile, that she forgot what she wanted to say.

HELPS BRYAN AND IS FINED

Man Who Offered His Auto Is Punished for Speeding.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 3.—Because he violated the speed law in driving his automobile fast to enable William J. Bryan to keep an appointment when the Democratic presidential candidate visited Rhode Island September 19, J. Walter Mills, of South Kensington, was fined $15 and costs in the district court yesterday.

While Mr. Bryan was traveling from River Point to Woonsocket, the automobile in which he was riding broke down. Mr. Mills offered his services, and it was while bearing the candidate to Woonsocket that Mr. Mills violated the speed law.

WARNER'S LOSS NOW 185

Canvassing Board Disposes of 51 Precincts.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 3.—When the state board of canvassers adjourned last night until Monday, Governor Warner had lost in the recount over the Republican nomination for governor, 185 votes out of his plurality of about 1,500 over Dr. J. B. Bradley. The recount in Huron county had been completed and a start had been made on Lapeer county. Altogether 51 precincts have been recounted out of 273 in which a recount is demanded.

Monday the board will pass upon a petition of Governor Warner that the recount be expedited by having the board divide its work, each member taking one precinct at a time. Dr. Bradley's attorneys opposed this request when it was orally made on Thursday.

TO SEND SPECIAL MESSAGE

Roosevelt to Urge Improvement of Rural Life.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The work of the Country Life commission, appointed by the President last August, is fairly under way. The President intends to send a special message to congress on the necessity for improvement in the condition of rural life and he has requested the commission to report its findings to him before the end of December in order that he may have time to study them before sending in his recommendations for legislation.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Oct. 3.—Bradstreet's says: "Cooler weather is the mainspring of the moderate improvement in retail and jobbing trade reported at most cities this week. Additionally helpful features are the numerous fairs and festivals, which have enlarged distribution locally at many points. While there are reports of holding

MARKET NOW CONFIDENT POLITICS HAS INFLUENCE

New York, Oct. 5.—In his weekly letter on the condition of the stock market, Henry Clews says:

The fear that additional political scares may happen during the next two or three weeks deters the big operators from making large commitments. Very soon calculations as to results can be more safely made, and then the market in all probability will begin to discount the result more earnestly. Just now the political situation is so confused by conflicting currents, local issues and personal recrimination, that confidence in the outcome is not as strong as it was. Inertia is not confined to the stock market, since general business is also holding back and as soon as the election outlook is settled more activity may be looked for in both industry and commerce. It is not to be expected that politics will have any very serious or permanent effect upon trade movements or prices, because actual consumption is not materially affected by such circumstances, and orders held back pending uncertainty will simply accumulate and accentuate activity later on. History shows that the effect of a presidential campaign upon business has always been more sentimental than actual.

Outside of politics the market is in a fairly satisfactory condition. If money continues cheap stocks are not excessively high; if on the other hand money hardens to any considerable extent security values would of course be adversely affected. Much depends therefore on the course of the money market. Of late there has been some hardening of rates, owing to demands of the interior for crop moving purposes. It should be remembered that our crops of wheat and corn are larger than last year, and that the high prices of all agricultural products necessitate the employment of more money in their marketing. There also a prospect of good business throughout the great grain belt where the panic has fortunately been but slightly felt. In west, northwest and Pacific states, therefore, there should be a good demand for money during the next three months at least. In the south the situation is somewhat different. The outlook is for a fair cotton crop, say 13,000,000 bales, but the price is 20 per cent lower than a year ago, and the chances are that demands on the banks for crop moving purposes will be less urgent than a year ago. Moreover, the south has felt the panic more than the west; her cotton mills are much depressed and with lessened consumptive demand for her chief staple the south can hardly be expected to be as optimistic as the more fortunate farmers of the west. It is the east, however, which has felt and still feels the panic with greatest severity. In this section industrial interests are vastly more important than the agricultural, and as these have been intimately affected by the panic it is natural that depression should be greatest on this side of the Alleghenies. The continued comparative inactivity of business in the eastern cities of course materially lessens the mercantile demand for money. Funds have consequently accumulated to an unusual degree; and, there being no efficient means of contraction in our currency system, idle money has gone into speculation and produced a degree of more or less unwelcome inflation. The late drop of 5 to 20 points in the active stocks somewhat minimized this danger; but the latter will always remain as long as there is an excessive surplus of idle funds. After the election there should be some improvement in business which would serve to create a better demand for money, and if speculation revives that, too, will have to be taken into account. All things considered, therefore, it looks as if the lowest rates in money had been reached; and that, while cheap money might be expected for some time to come, the tendency would be rather toward firmer rates.

So long as no material change takes place in the money market and present dividend rates are maintained, many stocks will not look dear at their present price. As to the chances of maintaining dividends the outlook is not entirely satisfactory. A few reductions have taken place and a few others may follow. Thus far the railroads by means of strenuous economy have avoided any radical cuts in dividends; but such economies have been pushed to the limit by deferring repairs and outlays that must now be met, and unless revenue begins to increase dividends must be further cut. Fortunately, however, the outlook in this respect is steadily improving. Losses in earnings are steadily declining, and net results often prove better than expected. Five months ago 413,000 cars were idle, or nearly 20 per cent of the whole. Today less than 173,000 cars, or 8 per cent, are idle, and after election this percentage will be still further reduced irrespective of who is elected. The railroad outlook, consequently is steadily improving, especially in the west, and were it not for the increased obligations which many roads recently assumed there would be little need for the present movement to advance rates which is reviving public hostility.

It is now almost a year since the panic occurred. Since then the collapse which began here, owing to the breakdown of credit, has extended throughout the world, as a result of the universal exhaustion of capital. Recovery has made splendid headway, but more than one could have been expected, but is not yet complete. Liquidation did its beneficent work in eliminating weak spots and leaving the financial situation much stronger and sounder than before; so we may confidently look forward to increasing activity in nearly all lines of business, the chief obstacle to a full resumption being the continued high cost of production. Neither commodities nor wages have yet undergone that readjustment which has followed all previous panics, combinations of various kinds or actual scarcity tending to delay reaction in this respect. It is plain that prices are abnormally high in 1907, and it is still a problem for time to settle as to whether they will decline to more normal figures or continue on the high level for an indefinite period.

The technical situation of the stock market is fairly favorable. It is noticeable that there is little selling on either long or short account, and that on all pronounced declines there is good buying. The market is high rather than low, yet has a good undertone of confidence and seems more responsive to good news than to bad. Holders of securities seem pretty well satisfied that the worst has been seen and that affairs are more likely to improve than to retrograde. Under such conditions any serious break is impossible. Europe is particularly anxious to see the United States adopt a sound currency system, and this is unfortunately a consideration that impresses itself but slightly upon any of our political parties just now. The immediate outlook for the market is uncertain; and for the next few weeks its movements will be largely governed by political developments. For the present it is simply a trading market for moderate profits.

GAS PLANT IS IN RUINS.

Half Million Loss in Big Pittsburg Fire.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 5.—An explosion of gas at the plant of the Pittsburg Plate Glass company's works No. 2, at Tarentum, a suburb, yesterday resulted in loss by fire of $500,000 and threw 800 men out of employment. W. A. Long, a watchman, was knocked down by the explosion, bruised about the body and internally injured. Half of the plant is in ruins. The fire was caused by the bursting of one of the joints of the main gas line from the high pressure of gas.

GREAT CROP MOVEMENT

Reports from all sections of the country indicate that the movement of crops, notably at the south, where prices are much lower than a year ago, the crop movement is liberal as a whole. Reports from industries are rather better. Good reports come from the lumber trade south and west, and a good volume of building is going forward. Election uncertainties are reported affecting demand for iron and steel, but cool weather has helped the coal trade east and west. The leather and shoe trade are reported quiet, with cheaper grades in most demand. The jewelry manufacturing trades are reported more active, there is more doing in preparations for holiday goods, and there is an improved tone and demand in most lines of paper where stocks are reported light, owing to curtailment. The liquor trades are still rather dull, and curtailment of fall output of whiskey will follow the cut in the spring production.

"On the whole, this week's distributive trade was probably the best that has been enjoyed for months past, and while the impending election is a deterrent factor, there seems to be a general tendency in most lines to take hold, on the theory that future trade is likely to show lasting and substantial gains.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ended October 1, number 225, against 267 last week, 177 in the like week of 1907, 136 in 1906, 189 in 1905, and 195 in 1904.

"Canadian failures for the week number 36, against 32 last week and 33 in this week in 1907."

Grain Market.

Toledo, O., Oct. 6.—With heavy cables, favorable advices from Argentine and Australia and continued heavy receipts of spring wheat bearing on the market, wheat opened weak today and continued to lose ground during the early trading hours. The wave of bearish news completely offset the European war scare. Liverpool opened ¼d higher and at 1:30 p. m. was unchanged to ¾d lower. In Chicago the pit crowd, led by Bloom, sold. Love also turned loose a great deal of wheat. Lack of rain in the winter wheat belt, by delaying seeding, has induced a great many growers to hold their grain. Cash lost ¼c in opening at $1.00¾, later in the morning sinking to $1.00¼c. December receded to $1.00¾c, after opening unchanged at $1.01⅞. May lost ½c at the outset and ⅝c later in the forenoon, when the price dropped to $1.04⅝. Unchanged in opening at 97¼c, July dropped to 97c before midday.

Considerable nervousness became apparent in the afternoon, owing to war rumors. Southwest receipts were a trifle lighter. Trade was rather light throughout the later part of the session. Toledo cash wheat closed ⅝c off at $1.00¼. December ⅝c down at $1.01¼. May ½c down at $1.04⅜ and July ⅜c off at 96¾.

Despite a showing of strength at the outset, corn values worked lower. Buyers appear to believe the movement will be unusually early and rather liberal. Liverpool showed no change up till 1:30 p. m. December gained ½c in opening at 64⅝c, but before noon lost ¼c. May dropped to 64½c, after opening unchanged at 64⅝. July started ⅝c lower at 63¾c. Closes in corn were: Cash 79c, December 64¼c, May 64¼c, July 64c.

Oats was weaker and lower. An accumulation of stocks is perhaps the most bearish factor in the market. December showed a loss of ⅛c at the opening and later declined from the initial quotation of 50⅝c to 50¼c. May gained ¼c at the outset, but soon weakened and at 10 a. m. was ¼c below yesterday's close at 52c. July opened ¼c lower at 47¾c, losing a similar amount in the initial half hour.

Oats closed: Cash 50c, December 50c, May 51¾c, July 47½c.

October and December clover seed opened 2½c higher at $5.52½ and $5.62½ respectively. There was no change in March at $5.72½.

Receipts were 1,020 bags today. Cash closed unchanged at $5.47½, October 5c lower at $5.45, December 7½ off at $5.52½ and March 7½ at $5.65.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Oct. 6.	Oct. 5.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00⅝	....	....	1.00¼	1.01
Dec.	1.01⅞	1.02	....	1.01¼	1.01⅞
May	1.05	....	....	1.04⅜	1.05½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	79	79
Dec.	64⅝	....	....	64¼	64½
May	64⅝	....	....	64¼	64⅝
July	63¾	....	....	64	64½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	50	51
Dec.	50⅝	....	....	50	50¼
May	52¼	....	....	51¾	52¼
July	47¾	....	....	47½	48
Clover seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.47½	5.47½
Oct	5.52½	....	....	5.45	5.50
Dec	5.62½	....	....	5.52½	5.60
March	5.72½	....	....	5.65	5.72½
No. 2	....	....	....	5.30	5.30
No. 3	....	....	....	5.17½	5.15
Rejected	....	....	....	5.00	4.97½
No. 2 G.	....	....	....	3.60	4.50
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78½	78½
No. 2	....	....	....	78	78
No. 3	....	....	....	77	77
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.65	1.65
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	98⅝	99	98	98¼	98⅞
May	1.01⅜	1.02⅛	1.01	1.01⅞	1.02⅛
July	95¼	96¾	....	96⅛	96⅝
Oct.	97⅜	....	....	97½	98¼
Corn—					
Dec.	64⅝	64⅞	....	64¼	64⅝
May	64¼	64½	64	64⅛	64⅜
July	63⅜	....	....	63½	63½
Oct.	....	....	....	78¾	....
Oats—					
Dec.	49	....	48⅝	48⅝	49
May	51	....	....	50⅜	51
July	46¾	....	....	46⅝	46⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.08	1.08⅝	1.02½	1.07⅝	1.08⅜
May	1.09	1.09⅛	1.08⅛	1.08¼	1.09⅛
Corn—					
Dec.	76½	....	75½	75⅝	76⅛
May	72⅝	73¼	....	73	72⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	99	99¼	....	98⅝	99¼
May	1.02⅜	1.02½	....	1.01⅜	1.02½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct	13.90	14.00	....	13.70	14.10
Jan	16.10	....	....	15.75	16.25
May	15.90	....	....	15.62	16.00
Lard—					
Oct	9.95	....	9.95	9.97	10.05
Jan	9.55	9.60	....	9.50	9.57
May	9.52	9.55	....	9.42	9.50
Ribs—					
Oct	9.50	9.62	....	9.45	9.62
Jan	8.42	9.50	....	8.37	8.50
May	8.47	8.57	....	8.45	8.55

New York Stocks.

New York, Oct. 6, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Loco. com	47	47	46¼	46¼
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	131⅞	132	131⅞	132
Atchison	88¾	89¼	88	88
Am. Car & F. Co	40	....	....	40
Anaconda	44	44	43¼	43½
Amal. Copper	75⅜	75⅞	74⅝	74¾
Am. Smelters	87½	87⅞	85⅝	86¼
Am. Woolen Co	23½	23⅝	23¼	23⅜
Alton com	30½	32	30¼	31¾
Allis Chal. pfd	33¾	35⅝	33½	35¼
Am. Ice Sec	25⅞	25⅞	25⅝	25⅝
Biscuit com	87¼	....	....	87½
Balt. & Ohio	97⅝	97¾	96⅛	96¾
Brooklyn R. T	49½	49½	48¼	48⅜
Canadian Pacific	176¼	177	175	175½
Clover Leaf	27	27¼	27	27¼
Clover Leaf pfd	60¾	61	60¾	61
Colorado Fuel	34⅜	35¼	34½	34¼
Central Leather	24⅞	....	....	24⅞
Consolidated Gas	146	147¼	145	145
Can pfd	65¼	65⅞	65¼	65¾
Del. & Hudson	167¾	....	....	167¾
Distillers Sec	30	30	29½	29½
Erie com	30¾	31¼	30¼	30⅝
Erie 1st pfd	43¼	44	43⅜	43⅝
Erie 2nd pfd	35½	35⅞	35½	35⅞
Gt. Northern pfd	133	133⅞	131⅜	132½
Illinois Central	140	140	135	135½
Interborough com	10½	....	....	10½
Interborough pfd	31¾	....	....	31¾
K. C. S. com	27½	....	....	27½
Louis. & Nash	105½	105½	104	104
Missouri Pacific	54	54	53	53½
M., K. & To. com	30½	30⅝	30¼	30½
Nor. Pacific	142⅜	142⅝	139¾	141½
Nat'l Lead	83½	83½	82¼	82¼
Northwestern	159⅜	160½	158¾	160
N. Y. Central	104⅜	104⅜	103⅞	103⅞
N. & W. com	73	....	....	73
Ont. & Western	41	....	....	41
Penn. Ry.	123⅝	124⅜	123¼	123⅝
Pacific Mail	25½	....	....	25½
Reading com	132½	132½	129⅝	131
Rock Island	19⅝	20¼	19½	20¼
Rock Island pfd	45¼	47⅜	45¼	47⅜
Rep. Pref	79⅛	79⅛	79	79
Ry. Steel Spgs	39	39	38½	39
So. Ry.	21½	21⅝	21	21
St. Paul	137¼	137½	135¾	135¾
Southern Pacific	104⅜	104½	102⅞	103⅛
Tenn. Copper	40¼	40⅝	40	40⅜
Union Pacific	164½	165⅜	163	163⅝
U. S. Steel	45¼	45⅜	45¼	45¼
U. S. Steel pfd	109	109	108½	108¾
Virginia Chem.	33¼	34½	33	33
Wabash com	12⅜	....	....	12¼
Wabash pfd	26	26	25¾	25¾
Western Union	59⅜	59⅝	59½	59½
W. & L. E. com	8¼	....	....	8¼
Wis. Cent'l com	27	....	....	27
Wis. Cent'l pfd	47⅝	48	47½	47½

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 6.—(Wall Street.)—Stocks opened today at a strong rebound from the closing depression of yesterday. The Harriman Pacifics were features, but there was an active and well distributed demand elsewhere. Ten thousand shares of Union Pacific were taken at 164½ and 165, compared with yesterday's last price of 163. Southern Pacific rose 1⅝, St. Paul and Atchison 1¼, Northern Pacific, Reading, Erie and American Smelting and Amalgamated Copper, National Lead and Rock Island preferred large fractions.

Prices were not long maintained around the opening level, heavy realizing in Northern Pacific depressing it half below yesterday's closing, which induced selling of other stocks. The Harriman stocks showed good resistance and their strength subsequently